TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

That is a grave complication in London. Very serious troubles have been provoked in many countries by smaller causes for hate and blows. It is of little importance whether the Conservatives violated the law in keeping those names upon the list, so long as the Grits charge and honestly believe themselves the victims of an atrocity. It will not constitute a justification of the Tory procedure, even should the Supreme Court declare those names to represent qualified voters, because, had the disputed names been Grit instead of Tory, then Hyman's friends might have appealed to the Court of Appeal, the Supreme Court—yes, the Court of Heaven—but not one such Grit name would have been printed in the list. Suppose by a higher knowledge of law or a greater liberty to consider equities the Supreme Court should decide that all the disputed votes were genuine, I repeat that the iniquity of the thing is not diminished nor extenuated a particle, for the reason that the Tories polled those votes, whereas, had they been Grit, not one of them would have been permitted to reach the poll. And the name of justice and the majesty of law that is now invoked to justify the successful artifice of the Tory party, would under those other circumstances have been similarly invoked with perfect success to justify the withholding from the Grits what is now awarded to Tories. The gravity of the case lies in this, that the constitutional machinery of the country has been tapped for horse power to run the party engine. There is a peril, more serious than the overthrow of a party, invited by this bold practice.

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During these bye elections circulars have been sent from Ottawa into many of the ridings, saying that every name on the list represents a vote and that any man who finds his name there can vote with a clear conscience and a cheerful oath, for his right to vote is beyond question. Taking this as a true interpretation of the law, that the presence of a name upon the list, no matter by what means it is first placed there nor by what means defended and retained, is conclusive establishment of the right to vote, it will be easily seen that if the Government starts manipulating things as it did in London it can grow fat and defiant of the great bulk of the people. If the ruling party will seize without compunction the many discreditable opportunities of defending improper Tory names and knifing proper Grit names, then government will no longer be truly representative.

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Until the Reform party cultivates a little more self respect and ceases to coax the country to follow it beggar-fashion to Washington, I can wish it no better success than it is receiving in these bye-elections. I begrudge it even the small and disheartend representation it has in Ottawa, for after a terrible crushing it may penitently resume its old and faultless faith. But while I feel pleasure in the success of the Government I want to see it win through the spirited Canadianism of its policy and not through the diabolical aid of a Franchise swindle. In all calmness and honesty these words are written and no tamer ones will suffice. A man need not be a Grit to condemn the Dominion Franchise Act; he need only be an honest man. The duty of uprising against that franchise law should not become the privilege of Reformers alone, but of all citizens, because the rights of all citizens are infringed—those rights are seized upon by the Government, and doled out to the people or withheld at pleasure. A great principle is made abortive, for instead of the Government being purely representative of the people, by means of a tinkered voters' list the people are to a great extent made representative of the Government of the day. This is a crime against we, the people, and I trust there is a limit to our patient endurance. The Government has a moral and a legal right to stipulate the property or other qualification of voters, but it has no moral or legal right to make invidious distinctions against any individual or group of individuals because he or they may be repulsive to the Government. It has a constitutional right to define the qualifications of a voter; then its moral rights permit it to do nothing but stand aside and allow the voters to express the will of the country. But we have been smuggled so far from safe ground that the *Empire* the other day rebuked the grumbling Grits of Elgin, saying that if they did not receive proper representation on the rolls it was because they did not display proper vigilance during the preparation of the lists. It was the Grits' own fault, you see.

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Now I am not arguing from the Opposition standpoint, but from the standpoint of a citizen. Why should a properly qualified citizen of the country be required to display "vigilance" or find himself disfranchised? All talk about making voting compulsory is absurd while a man who wants to vote is forced to be mighty vigilant or be robbed of his privilege. It is the duty of the Government to impose upon the municipalities or upon its own officials the task of collecting and classifying the names of all qualified voters, even though without their cognizance, so that the way will be smoothed for them in discharging the supreme function of freemen. If honest men who are fully occupied with their labor, whether it be in cultivating the soil or pounding the anvil or flourishing the pen, but who in any occupation are true to the country and prompt with their taxes—if these men are deprived of their votes either by deliberate fraud or by the technicality of a vicious law, then some penalty should rest upon those who commit the fraud or upon the Government that passes the vicious law. Any law is vicious and subversive of those good principles whereby we feign to rule ourselves, that conspires to throw upon the individual the responsibility of guarding his own voting privilege from year to year. While property qualification continues it must remain a practice for those whose eligibility is doubtful to assume the burden of proof ere receiving a ballot for the first time, but this is the first and last duty of the kind the state has any moral right to impose upon the individual. If three hundred dollars' worth of property or the same amount of income is fixed as the qualification of a voter, then, so soon as a man secures a place on the roll his franchise should never be imperilled except by bankruptcy, lunacy or outlawry. When the state suspects a man has lost his property or his income or his mind or has made his bodily freedom forfeit to the law, he should be served with a notice that his right to vote requires defence at a certain time and place. Of course when manhood suffrage has ceased coquetting with us as it has been doing for years, and comes into force, then nothing should disfranchise a voter once registered except lunacy or outlawry. If manhood suffrage were given us along with the present method of preparing the Dominion lists, it could only be a mere mockery of its name. The change would simply give political fakirs a more venal class to drill and plunder, with an increased number of decent people to treat with injustice. The man who is ready to sell his vote is generally alert to see that it is not taken from him, because in losing it he loses a merchantable commodity often worth as much as a cow, yet requiring neither food nor shelter. To the average man it has no cash value and therefore he does not neglect his work to stand guard over his right to vote. Never mind, it is the party's business to look after that!

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It is not apparent to me what the rival parties, as organizations of men, have rightly to do with the details of government. As an independent, who knows that there are hundreds of the same sort in every riding, I want to know why our unorganized numbers should be disfranchised because the heelers of both parties are afraid to enroll our names? As for me, I am very thankful to a party canvasser who, overtaking me in suggestive company, secured my name and undertook to have it enrolled. I hope he succeeded, for on that nameless youth my right to vote depends. Why should it be so? If he had not blundered upon me while searching for another man whose liver he was familiar with, I certainly would have had no vote, and if he did not like the way I combed my hair he may have disfranchised me with a stroke of his lead pencil when he turned the corner. I have a right to vote, let me comb my hair any way I darn please, and should not be required to consult the whim of any fastidious school-boy. There were undoubtedly countless thousands in Toronto when the lists were recently revised, who, like me, had not the least idea where to go nor what to do in order to get a vote that should have been theirs and mine without an effort. Unless they called party heelers into requisition it is safe to say that nearly all of them are voteless. But the rival parties looked after the list pretty closely, you say, and most people are partizan. It does not matter. The citizen should not be forced to put himself under obligation to either one of the parties or be a dumb thing on election day. He should get his franchise from the state so that with a free mind he could use it against an unworthy party without being reproached for ingratitude and without fear of reprisal. He should be taught to look to Mother State and not to Mother Party for his undoubted, every-day rights as a man and a citizen. The system now in vogue breeds partizans instead of patriots. There is careful malice in the way we are hedged about with necessities for becoming partizan whether or no. The result is seen in the evil fidelity with which people stick to a party through all manner of scandals and come to think there is a virtue in abetting and furthering dirty schemes. It is "the party" at all hazards and "the country" when convenient.

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That franchise law has cost the country millions of dollars since it came into force, and I fail to see that it has served any purpose except to give dishonest strength to the ruling party. It came unsought, for the people did not ask or expect it; since coming it has in no particular justified its existence. The millions of public money which have been misused in its maintenance are so many sums wrongfully appropriated to party ends; and of all the sums expended by the Tory party in its own behalf, no other was invested with so little profit to itself. The scheme was conceived, was hewn and fashioned for partizan advantage, but there is such a spendthrift outlay for such little gain that the Devil, its father, should blush at its clumsiness and make away with it. A Tory who regards politics as a sort of war in which a flag of truce grants no protection to the bearer, might chuckle with delight at the injustice to opponents embodied in the Federal management of the franchise, but he cannot afford to chuckle when he sees one hundred dollars laid out with no advantage to the country and with only one dollar's worth of advantage to the party. Even as a partizan, the waste of the thing should appall him. If such a man will not take high ground let him take low ground. If he has no better message, no more virtuous counsel for his leaders, let him advise them thus: "Stay in power by fair means or foul. Manipulate the public funds with this laudable and patriotic object; build railways and postoffices where they will do the most good, but for goodness sake make every dollar tell. Don't waste one hundred dollars in cartage on one dollar of purchase money. Don't let it cost a dollar to convey a cent to the Grit heathen whom you seek to convert or to buy over to the true faith. Don't waste millions for the party on voters' lists that only do the party thousands of dollars' worth of good. Bribe, defraud, cheat, but do it up slick and economically."

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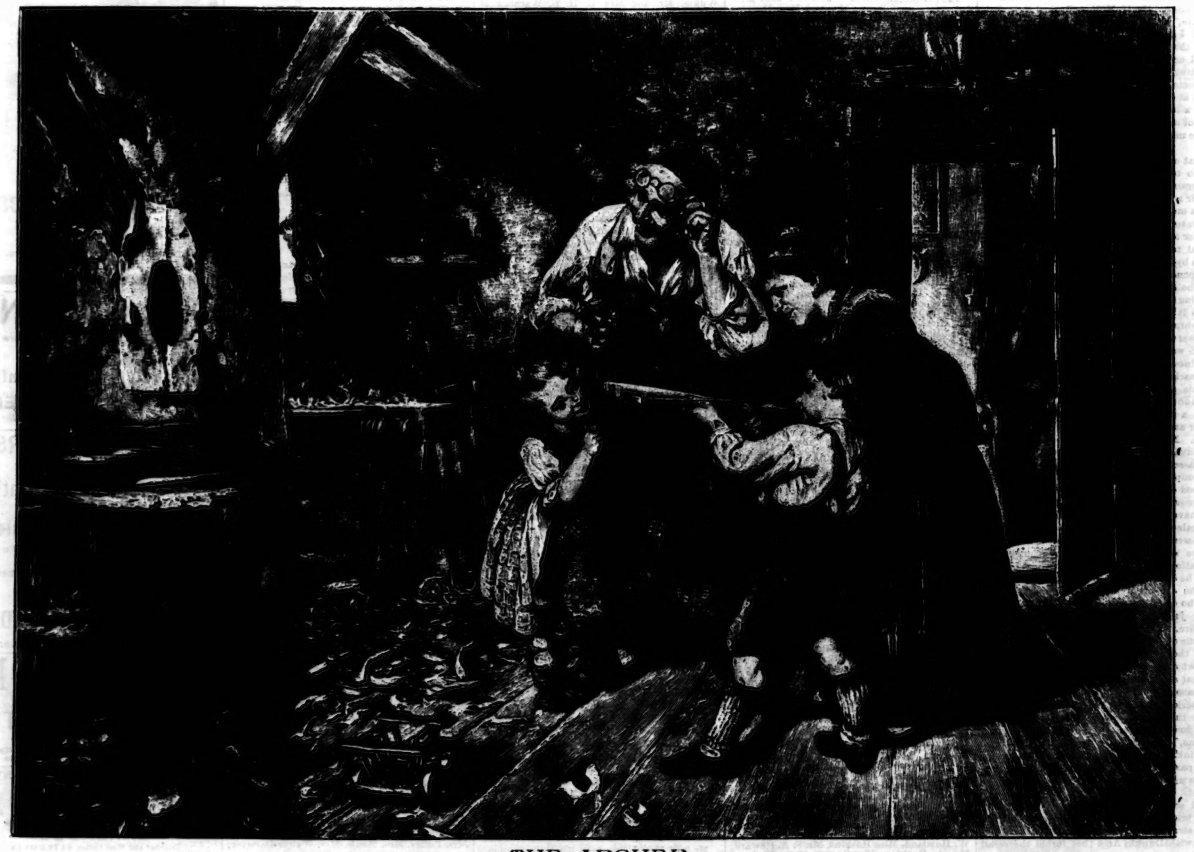
Even such advice as that would possess merit and we could be thankful if it were given and accepted. The waste of money should arouse some of us to action; the injustices involved in the system should arouse others. I was twenty-four years of age before receiving a place on the roll and had an election come during the three preceding years, would have been a qualified adult deprived of his vote. Thousands were voteless in the last election either because they got no opportunity to register or were unfamiliar with the intricate routine prescribed. Oh, it is a great humbug. The worst of it is that a practice is established that successive governments may enlarge upon, until soon victories may be won, not by framing policies that suit the desires of the people, but by legislating ballots out of the hands of those who would use them against the ruling party. Should the Grits achieve power they may carry the law further, appoint



THE ARCHER.

revising barristers of fierce unfairness, and with a recollection of many small wrongs retaliate with larger ones. And the carefully nursed vengeance of the average Reformer would justify whatever of this sort the leaders might devise.

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Premier Abbott should reflect that it is a strong and a wise statesman who can repeal the errors of himself and his party and can refuse to longer profit by a discovered injustice of his predecessor's creation. Having the power to ratify an error, and to perpetuate an injustice, it would be an invigorating exercise of statesmanly strength to acknowledge the one and undo the other. With a heavy majority at his back, won in fair fight under his own leadership, the new Premier can afford to be just if such is the inclination of his mind. Manhood suffrage is the only solution, with an unpartizan registration of resident citizens in every municipality, prepared by the municipality and independent alike of revising barristers and of Mr. Mowat's tax-collecting apparatus. Then it will be fair; then the whole people can speak what the whole people thinks, and governments will be elected by the voters and not by the lists.

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In accepting a judgeship Mr. Jamieson left that amusing little temperance party of the Commons without a leader. On Tuesday the pronounced temperance members of the House assembled in a committee room along with certain ministers of the gospel from remote parts, to confer as to the appointment of a new leader. The crowning honor was proffered Mr. Dickey, who declined; then to Mr. Scriver, who also declined. These gentlemen expressed the opinion that the temperance idea required more organized effort outside of Parliament than inside. Mr. McMullen clinched the point. "I have," he said, "been ten years in Parliament. I have voted for every temperance resolution that has been presented to Parliament since I entered it. There is one township in my riding which is so strongly temperance that the electors will not permit a licensed place in it, yet at the last general election there were 212 of a majority of votes against me and in favor of my opponent, who was a brewer and a large maltster."

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What encouragement is there for James McMullen to put himself ahead in favor of the temperance cause, and why should Dickey or Scriver assume the thankless burden of leading such a movement? That township up in Wellington to which reference is made, is like many another township in Canada, and its people are typical temperance people. A township will pass a by-law shutting up its hotels and then call upon all men to admire it for discharging its whole duty. While it is strutting about claiming to be holier than the continent to which it belongs, an election occurs and that township forgets its temperance and supports a brewer against a man who is making determined war on liquor. Its people follow political lines and candidates, be they distillers or preachers, old soakers or teetotalers. They do this and after glorying in the defeat of a staunch temperance man who chanced to be a political opponent, they assemble together and ask a divine blessing upon the good cause. Not seeing any visible signs of that blessing in an improved attitude of Parliament, they assemble again, and again beseech it, and are nonplussed at the poor progress made by so good a cause. Meantime the brewer or soaker sits in the Parliament to which these men have sent him, and throws his weight in the scale against all legislation contemplating interference with the traffic. He uses his influence in the lobbies to prevent any such legislation being proposed, and when he fails there he sets up a subterfuge whereby not only all who are open enemies to temperance but all who are lukewarm in its advocacy may seem justified in rejecting the proposed measure. Yet good people stop as they walk past the door of the teetotaler whom by their votes they forced to stay at home, and ask him why the great cause does not prosper as so great a cause should. Perhaps he cites his own case as a partial reason. This stirs up the slumbering politics of the passers-by and they retort that if he had been elected he could have done nothing against the whole House. "Oh no," they say with a wonderfully knowing wink, "you can't work that racket on us. Your party would like to work the temperance gag on us, but we are awake. Good-day!"

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And so the temperance people continue to make bricks without straw and elect men to keep straw out of their reach. They experiment with Dunkin Acts that forbid the retail of intoxicants but permit them to be wholesaled in quarts and gallons and this in small municipalities, while around them it is sold in every form and slops over and inundates the small area in which they are playing prohibition. They experiment with Scott Acts which are thrown to them not to promote temperance, but to test a question of disputed jurisdiction between two Parliaments—legislative enactments that both Houses claim power to pass but neither shows any desire to enforce. They experiment again with Local Option which is nothing more nor less than the imbecile Dunkin Act exhumed from its dishonored grave and made to walk abroad disguised by a new name. This is what organized temperance can do, and in doing this its utmost strength is exhausted. It cannot get the smallest finger in the fashioning of the laws it experiments with after they come out mis-shapen and use less—prohibitive measures with holes in them and strings to them. It cannot do anything because its people scatter to the four winds whenever an election looms up, and they do by temperance candidates as they did by McMullen.

MACK.

All things are the same, familiar in experience, ephemeral in time, and worthless in matter. Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

There are people who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.—*De Bonald.*

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Social and Personal.

The bachelors' ball, which was held in the Pavilion on Thursday of last week, was, as I predicted, the most *chic* society event of the season. No pains were spared by the young hosts to make the affair a cap sheaf on the winter's galeties. The decoration of the Pavilion is always an awful undertaking, but it was very successfully accomplished under the active supervision and labor of Mr. Frank Grout, to whom all praise is due for his complete and artistic piece of work. The chandeliers were screened with yellow, giving an effect of mellow sunlight, which was rich and restful to the sight, as well as most effective in bringing out the tones of the lovely gowns below. Owing to the judicious limiting of the number of invitations there was room to dance in comfort, and at no time was the floor uncomfortably crowded. The dais was better arranged than usual, with a handsome background and cosy, retiring corners among the ferns and palms. The lady patronesses were selected from the most popular of Toronto's young hostesses, as follows: Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mrs. John D. Hay, Mrs. William Ince, jr., Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Charles Macdougall, Mrs. Thomas Tate, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon. The stewards were: Mr. W. E. Burritt, honorary secretary; Mr. J. H. Laurie, Mr. P. A. Manning, Mr. J. G. Macionald, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Mr. McGregor Young, Mr. C. A. Bogert, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mr. Frank M. Gray, Mr. C. R. Hamilton and Mr. S. H. Houston.

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The invited guests, most of whom were present, were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Miss Arthurs, Miss Elma Arthurs, Miss Maggie Arthurs, Mr. J. J. Ashworth, Mrs. Arkle, Miss Armour, Miss E. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, the Misses Beardmore, Dr. Frank Beemer of Hamilton, Mr. A. W. Beddy, Mr. S. Y. Baldwin, Miss L. Burton, Mr. C. W. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. George Broughall, Col. and Mrs. Brophy, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. Harry Baines, Mr. B. Bedford-Jones, Miss Ina Brodie, Mr. W. E. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. H. M. Boddy, Mr. Ralph R. Bruce, Miss Baldwin, Mr. R. A. Brock, Mr. Fred Beardmore, Miss Alice Bethune, Miss Bickford, Mr. E. H. Bickford, Miss Bethune, Miss Marian Bethune, Miss Begg, Mr. George W. Blaikie, Mr. D. W. Baxter, Mr. Algeron Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Amy Boulton, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mr. H. Rudyerd Boulton, Miss H. Rudyerd Boulton, Miss M. Rudyerd Boulton, Mr. Gerald D. Boulton, Miss Adeline Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Laura Boulton, Mr. M. S. Bostwick, Miss Bogert, Capt. Gilpin Brown, Mr. A. P. Burritt, Mr. Clarence O. Bogert, Miss Emily E. Bethune, Mr. T. G. Blight, Mr. Donald Burns of Hamilton, Miss Bunting, Miss Blight, Mr. I. G. Burnham, Mr. A. B. T. Burton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Elsie Clark, Miss Cameron, Mr. F. H. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Fred J. Campbell, Miss H. Campbell, Mr. Frank Coulson, Sir Alexander Campbell, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. D. L. Cassels, the Misses E. and H. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. R. M. Clarkson, Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Chisholm, Mr. H. T. Cherry, Mr. V. H. Crowley of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. Theodore Coleman, Miss Ollie Clover, Miss Amy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cameron, Miss Chisholm, Mr. J. T. Craig, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Miss Rosalie Campbell, Mr. A. R. Cassels, Miss M. Crooks, the Misses Cayley, Miss Castle, Miss Clarke, Miss Edith Clarke, Mr. H. H. Champ of Hamilton, Mr. Edward Cronyn, Mr. V. B. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Miss Drynan, Miss Grace Drynan, Miss Louise Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, Miss Dunlop of Hamilton, Miss Honor Dixon, Miss Eva Dixon, Miss Adelaide Dewar of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mr. B. L. D'war, Mr. E. D. Dudgeon, Mr. R. Max Denniston of Peterboro, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. C. B. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Denison, Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Capt. Ellis, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Miss Ferguson, Miss M. Ferguson, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. Walter Ferrie of Hamilton, Miss T. Foy, Miss Fraser of Windsor, Mr. John French, Mr. W. H. Fraser of Hamilton, Mr. A. E. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mr. Frank M. Gray, Mr. Sidney Greene, Mr. E. Grier, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. J. Grasett, Miss Gooderham, Miss L. Gooderham, Miss Josie Gooderham, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mr. P. C. Goldingham, Mr. Harry Gates of Hamilton, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. H. F. Gadsby, Miss L. Galt, Mr. H. F. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gillespie, Miss Nellie Grand, Miss Annie Gilmour, Miss Mabel Gilbon, Mr. R. A. Grant, Miss Ella Gimson, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hay, Mr. George Higinbotham, Mr. R. L. Hamilton, Miss Hodgins, Mr. J. J. Hodgins, Mr. C. R. Hamilton, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, Miss Houston, Mr. Stewart Houston, Miss Hogg, Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Lilian Howard, Mr. C. E. W. Howland, Miss Hoskins, Mr. S. A. Heward, Mr. A. Hoskins, Mr. George Hart, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. and the Misses Hall of Montreal, Mr. A. D. Heward, Mr. Frank Hornsby, Major A. B. Harrison, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Mr. B. B. Hughes, sr., Miss Tena Hughes, Miss A. C. Hughes, Miss May Hughes, Mr. Frank Howland, Mr. A. McLean Howard, jr., Miss Hannaford, Mr. W. B. Hope, Mr. O. J. Howland, the Misses W. J. Heward, Mr. Hugh Hartshorn, Mrs. Scott Howard, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. H. V. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. William Ince, jr., Miss Ince, Miss Mabel Ince, Miss Daisy Ince, Mr. James Ince, Miss Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Janes, Miss Janes, Miss L. Janes, Dr. and Mrs. Orlando Jones, Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Mr. David Ford Jones, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George Kilpin, Mr. Herbert Ketchum, Mr. Kortright of Barrie, Miss Lowrey of New York, Miss May Livingston, Lieut. J. H. Laurie, Mr. A. Keith Low, Mr. T. D. Law, Mrs. and Miss Livingston, Mr. R. H. Labatt of Hamilton, Miss Lowe, Commander and Mrs. Law, Miss Mabel Lye, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Lindsay of Detroit, Miss G. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Miss Lottridge of Hamilton, Miss Ethel Livingston, Mrs. A. D. MacTier, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Macdougall, Capt. Macdonnell, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Markelcan of Hamilton, Mr. C. S. McInnes, Miss Maud McLean, Mr. George Macrae, Mrs. Ma-Queen, Mr. Frank Maclean, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. W. Maclean, jr., Miss Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. McKinnon of Montreal, Mr. D. L. McCarthy, Mr. D. H. McDougall, Miss McCallum, Mr. E. McMillan, Mr. Leighton of Barrie, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCullough, Miss McMicking, Miss McCarthy, Mr. George Mitchell, the Misses Morphy, Mr. Herbert Mowat, Mr. A. F. Matheson, Mr. J. H. Moss, Mr. R. W. P. Mathews, Mr. D'Arcy Martin, Miss E. Marling, Mr. F. H. Minz, Mr. R. Moreton of Hamilton, Miss May Mills of Hamilton, Miss G. Morphy, Miss Morgan, Miss F. Morgan, Mr. P. A. Manning, Mr. W. and Miss Middleton, Miss Helen Montgomery, Miss Jessie Montgomery, Mr. Chas. E. Maddison, Dr. F. Montizambert, Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs Myles, Mr. Alexis Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Mr. James Noxon, Captain Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Colonel Otter, Mr. H. S. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Osler, Miss Amy Osler, Miss Beatrice Osler, Miss Clara Osler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford, Dr. A. Osborne of Hamilton, Miss Patrullo of Woodstock, Miss Pirrie, Miss Price, Mr. H. E. Price, Mr. L. S. Pemberton, Mr. J. B. Pattullo, Miss Pope, Mr. J. E. Paul, Mr. A. Patterson of Hamilton, Dr. R. A. and Mrs. Pyne, Miss Parsons, Miss Nellie Parsons, Mr. Clive Pringle, Dr. George E. Peters, Mr. George E. Powell, Miss Powell, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Payne, Miss B. Parsons, Mr. Polson, Mr. R. A. Robinson, Mr. A. W. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Miss G. Roberts, Mr. C. G. Ross, Miss Ross, Mr. A. B. Ross, Miss Rogers, Mr. Baynes Reed, Mr. Herbert Robertson, Mr. H. A. Richardson, Mr. Harry E. Routh, Miss Edith Roger, Miss Ethel Rich, Mr. L. Baynes Reed, Mr. E. Ricketts, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Seymour, Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss B. Sullivan, Miss Seagram of Waterloo, Oct., Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Capt. Streatfield of Ottawa, Mrs. Sankey, Mr. A. Shields, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Sullivan, Mr. E. C. Senkler, Miss Strange, Mr. Frank Skinner of Hamilton, Mr. E. L. Stanton, Miss Lena Stinson of Belleville, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Stevenson, Mr. J. A. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner of Hamilton, Miss Small, Miss Strickland, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Mr. D. Arcy Scott, Miss Eileen Shanly, Miss Dora Scott, Miss Smith, Mr. W. A. Smith, Miss L. Smith, Dr. E. A. Spilsbury, Miss Scott, Mr. Charles Swabey, Mrs. and the Misses Swabey, Mr. C. H. Clarke Stanley, Mr. P. D. Strickland, Mr. Walter Strickland, Miss Shanklin, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Mr. Percival Thomson, Miss Todd, Miss May Todd, Miss Lulu Thomson, Miss Kate Thomson, Mr. R. Tisdale, Miss Thomson, Mr. Carter Troop, Miss Helen Troop, Mr. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas of London, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mr. R. H. VanKoughnet, Mr. W. W. Vickers, Miss Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. R. Warnock of Galt, Miss Wise, Mr. W. M. Whitehead, Miss J. White of Woodstock, Mr. W. F. B. Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. C. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Miss Wade, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, Miss Wood, Miss Walker, Mrs. and the Misses Woodbridge, Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Miss Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. McGregor Young.

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The first At Home which the Upper Canada College Athletic Club have given in the new college was held last Friday evening. The large premises looked fine when illuminated, and though the immense crowd rather rendered peregrination a matter of difficulty, still the scene was brilliant and a very swell party of fashionables were in attendance. Dancing was carried on in the Assembly hall, reception room and library, and the useful bugler was to the fore to sound the call for each dance. The floors were in grand condition for the dancers, and there was no cessation of the terpsichorean exercise till the wee sma' hours. The stewards were Mr. T. W. Gilmour, treas.; Mr. W. H. Hargraft, sec't.; Messrs. R. Franchot, A. F. Barr, R. L. Robinson, W. P. Eby, J. H. Mullin, F. M. Waldie, F. J. Macennan, J. D. McMurrich, A. C. Caldwell, R. W. Nimmo and J. W. McConnell. The lady patronesses were Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Mrs. John D. Hay, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. J. F. Eby, Mrs. Charles Moss and Mrs. T. W. Bull.

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I enjoyed very much the pleasant hospitality of the sergeants of the Queen's Own, at their informal reception on Friday afternoon of last week. The handsomely decorated mess-room was made ready for the evening dinner, which is an annual affair, and refreshments were served in the library to the lady visitors. The Italian orchestra played in the ante-room, and the young sergeants were polite and handsome in their natty uniforms, receiving, refreshing and amusing as merry a party as I ever met. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Langton, Mrs. Peuchen, Mrs. McAndrew, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Knitton, Mrs. Darlington, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. R. R. Jones, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Denison and the Misses Vicars, Stennett, Beattie, Saunders, Laughton, Wickham, Barker, Ross, Holland, Burns, Richardson, Donaldson, Fraser, Hoar, Darley, Irving, McEnaul, Dent, World, Dawson, Peuchen and many others. The hosts were Sergeants Thompson, Pearson, World, Duncan and Cauldwell.

*

The French Club had a pleasant evening as the guests of Miss Aikins of 29 Wellesley street last Saturday. They will be received this evening by Mr. Bourlier of 102 Wellesley street, who may be called, without invidious comparisons, the most popular gentleman owl of the club.

*

Mrs. Cozzens of Foxley street has removed to McDonell avenue, Parkdale. Miss Maggie Cozzens has left the city to be absent for a year.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. Staunton King return to-day from their wedding trip, and Mrs. King will be At Home to her friends at 142 St. George street on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8 and 9.

*

The assembly given by the Grenadiers on Monday last was in every way a delightful party. The rooms at Webb's were scarcely quite spacious enough for the large number of dancers, but every one was determined to do full justice to the last dance of the pre-Lenten season. The music was extremely good and the rose-colored shades over the electric lights were most becoming to the faces of the "ladies fair and soldiers brave," though rather hard on the gowns. A blue and a cream and a nile green exchanged tints and a delicate pink and a salmon were reduced to murky yellow. It is a question whether the added tinge of beauty to the already beautiful faces is enough atonement for the beclouded glories of the toilettes. Perhaps nobody but an observant society editor, on the lookout for pretty new gowns or admired old ones, would have been so bothered by the red lights. The ladies looked bright and happy, and the whole dance went with a *verve* and animation that one does not often see at the tail of the season. Among the pretty dresses I noticed: Mrs. Cameron, nile green; Miss Bright, black silk and net, pink roses; Miss Irving, pale blue; Miss Lundy of Peterboro', pale green; Miss Bunting, white *chiffon*; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, white silk, embroidered *chiffon*; Miss Walker of Orillia, white silk; Miss Edna Lee, white silk, silver gauze; Miss Mabel Lee, silver silk, pink gauze; Miss Josie Gooderham, nile green, pink *crepe*; Mrs. Ross Robertson, cream brocade and feathers; Miss Strange, black lace; Miss Walker, pale blue; Miss Russell, light green; Mrs. Dawson, black velvet; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, white satin, jeweled *passementerie*; Mrs. John D. Hay, pace velvet and pink *crepe*.

*

Mrs. Miller of 222 Wellesley street was At Home to a number of her lady friends on Friday afternoon of last week. A few of the large number that responded to the invitation were Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mrs. W. Stirling, Mrs. Doan, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. A. G. F. Laurence, Mrs. Winnifrith, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. G. R. Baker, Mrs. J. Barnett, Mrs. George A. Cox, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Skinner.

*

The engagement is announced between Mr. A. H. Mason, of the firm of Mason & Risch, and Miss Minnie Davidson. A little sorrow is mixed with the pleasant news, for the little bird whispered that their future home would be in Winnipeg, and Toronto can ill afford to lose such a favorite as Miss Davidson.

*

The regular meeting of the Toronto Literary and Musical Club was held on Tuesday night, and a goodly number of members were present. Thirteen new members were elected, and Miss A. E. Wetherald of London was unanimously appointed a corresponding member. The club decided to hold their first annual At Home on Tuesday, 29th inst. The programme was a literary and musical one, the chair being filled by Dr. E. Herbert Adams. Among those who assisted in the programme were Miss J. H. Wetherald, who gave a couple of selections from the pen of her sister, Miss A. Wetherald; Miss Eleanor Martin, who favored the audience with vocal selections, Miss Lindsay, Miss Lillie Spink and Miss Gertrude Spink.

*

Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton is visiting her brother, Mr. Thomas Ridout, in Ottawa. Mrs. Boulton and the Misses Ridout were among the spectators at the opening of Parliament, and were also the guests of Lady Stanley at Her Excellency's reception on Saturday evening. Mrs. Boulton's handsome gown of black velvet with pearls was most becoming and effective.

*

Mrs. Charlie Foster of Crawford street gave a small but very charming tea on Thursday, February 25. Among the number I noticed Mrs. Wragg, Mrs. G. S. Davison, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. Smasey and others.

*

Mrs. Gerald Donaldson gave a large afternoon tea a short time since.

*

Miss Stewart of Ottawa is visiting Miss Clara Smith of Wellesley street.

*

A pleasant tea was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. A. Harris. A careful distribution of the numerous guests prevented overcrowding, and a delightful afternoon was spent. Among the guests invited were Mrs. A. Huycke Garratt, Miss McClung, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. R. J. Allan, Mrs. Cox and Miss Taylor.

*

Miss Clara Smith of Wellesley street was At Home to about forty friends on Monday evening, February 29, in honor of Miss Stewart of Ottawa; a very enjoyable time was spent.

*

Dr. E. H. Robinson and Mr. Sandford Evans of Hamilton are taking a run through Florida and the South.

*

A very elaborate and *recherche* daffodil tea was given on Monday last by Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, at her pretty residence on Madison avenue. About two hundred ladies were invited, but the numerous other teas and the wretched weather reduced the guests to about half that number. The refreshment table was particularly novel and beautiful in decoration and was planned by the artistic fancy of the fair hostess. The *motif* was of course daffodil yellow; velvet and lace, smilax and daffodils with ferns and calla lilies being the means to a very charming effect. Wax lights in handsome silver candelabra, wreathed in smilax, and softly shaded fairy lights gave a subdued mellow radiance to the pleasant rooms. The harpers discoursed sweet music in the corridor. Mrs. Aylesworth was assisted as hostess by Mrs. Bristol, who looked charming in a calling costume of golden brown and cream, and by Miss Madeline Falconbridge, who wore a pretty mauve cashmere frock, and Miss Torrance in pink. Mrs. Aylesworth's gown on Madison avenue, pink silk was most becoming. Among the throng of fashionable women I noticed Mrs. Featherstone Osler, Mrs. T. Moss, Mrs. W. Mulock, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. Grant Francis, Miss Francis, Mrs. Herbert Green, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Maule, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Spring Fashions.

THE silk petticoat has almost entirely superseded what has heretofore been known as the "foundation" skirt, and with it the time-honored white cambric skirt is considered superfluous if one desire to attain the perfection of the *fourreau* style. It must be cut and fitted as carefully in front and at the sides as the dress skirt, but for the back a full breadth is inserted, cut half length, and two or three breadths (according to the length of the skirt) gathered to it. Sometimes they are cut exactly like the skirts with which they are to be worn. Pinked ruffles covered with a lace flounce are used on those intended for very dressy wear, and several overlapping lace ruffles on the inside; but for service the skirt edge has a narrow binding of velvet and is trimmed with any number of gathered, bias ruffles, with a wide bias ruffle on the inside. For use with different dresses they are made of changeable silk; but for street wear they are of the same color as the dress, or black, and are inconspicuous when the dress-skirt is raised.

A note of black runs through many of the fashions for spring. Black garnitures are used on almost all colors. In silks, black forms a background for brilliant or delicate blossoms or vines; all-black dresses trimmed with jet are considered very stylish, and when a touch of color is necessary for becomingness, the vest is the favorite point for introducing it. Vests in plain red, blue, yellow or the favorite sage-green, when used in all-black dresses, are either worn with lace having a more or less decided pattern, or seeded with finely cut jet beads or the more conspicuous *clous*, or nail-heads.

For a useful costume for spring the choice lies between black or dark blue serge, made with a "tailor" basque and "bell" skirt (as all the *fourreau* shapes are popularly designated) lined with silesia or silk, walking length, and finished near the foot with rows of stitching, giving the effect of a deep hem. Sometimes the design is varied by substituting the nattiest of jackets with tight fitting back and loose double-breasted front, under which is worn a jaunty blouse of bright-colored material; or a waistcoat basque is chosen. When an extra wrap is desirable or necessary, one in circle shape can be added and is easily removed.

In street costumes, simple "effects" are the *ne plus ultra* of style; but the simplicity is that which is only achieved by the use of handsome materials, and perfection in fit and workmanship. A "simple" serge dress must have its silk linings and a silk petticoat to wear with it, and the latter its pinked ruffles on the inside, so there is much truth as well as humor in the assertion that "it is only necessary to turn a simple woolen gown wrong side out in order to have a very pretty silk one."

Already dainty gowns of washable fabrics are being prepared. Modifications of the Russian blouse are favored for these pretty dresses, which often rival more pretentious gowns in becomingness and artistic effects. For others, intended especially for young ladies, a full round waist is preferred. A very pretty finish for the quaint dimity gowns and those of fine Chambery or zephyr, is inch-wide ribbon run in and out of button-holes worked just above the hem on the skirt, and through smaller button-holes at the upper part of the waist, back and front, giving the effect of a round yoke.

Ribbons continue to hold an important place in the toilet, and new methods are constantly being devised for their use. The *fureur* at present is the Watteau bow, without which no ball, reception, dinner, or visiting dress—or, indeed, any distinctively house gown—is considered complete. It is made of satin or velvet ribbon from two to four inches in width, tied, usually, in a two looped bow, which is placed on the back, just between the shoulders, and from this hang long, fluttering ends, reaching quite to the edge of the skirt. Dressy *negligé* robes have bows of this style placed at the top of a Watteau plait, or at the neck; and some of the dresses prepared for summer have them placed at the back of the belt, the ends, in all cases, reaching to the edge of the skirt. A pretty trimming for silks and light-weight woolens, is ruffles of gros-grain, satin, or velvet ribbon, either gathered or box plaited.

For early spring wear the novelties will be found in the *plisse* fabrics of thin wool, finely tucked, corded stuffs, and fine wools crinkled like English crape. *Crepons* and corduroy fabrics thin as *crepon*, and ribbon-like Bedford cord, are also still seen, and so far has the fancy for the corded fabrics gone that even some of the new cotton goods, called corduroys, are ribbed heavily like Bedford cords. They are as thick as pique and wholly without starch. The cord is rounded high in some instances, in others it is flattened. This new goods comes in two colors in alternating cords of clear blue and white, ecru and brown, rose and white, gray and white, and black and white. In woolen, light tan, beige, gray, gray-blue, sage green, and heliotrope shades will have the preference. In silk goods, the new changeable or shot moire has the preference for evening dresses, and some of the most effective are in light evening colors striped with black. These, of course, are for evening wear only. Thin silks for summer wear are not very much more expensive than the fine ginghams or zephyr fabrics. They are patterned in undulating stripes, ribbon figures, the ubiquitous bow knot pattern, and all sorts of flower clusters and vines. White silks with dots of blue, brown, pink or rose-color make pretty dresses for young girls and children, and the black grounds with pink figures are specially liked. Pretty black dresses for midsummer wear are being made up now of *point d' esprit* net, jetted net, or black *chiffon*, over black satin or surah. Colored silks or satins are also used for such dresses. Black grenadines thickly dotted with jet will be fashionable, and for light mourning there are grenadines with *crepe* stripes. Velvet, moire, or brocaded satin is often used in combination with wool goods, six or seven yards of which, in double width, is quite sufficient to make a costume with bell skirt and short basque. LA MODE.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BETTY.—Please wait until your writing matures. It has many good points but is unformed. A few years will give it character and finish.

JANE EYRE.—Your good wishes and nice letter are before me. Thanks very much for them both. For your delineation please read answer to a Patient Waiter with the hard points smoothed down, and some further amiability and sympathy. You take a sweeter taste from life, though not a spicier one than she does.

SPANALE.—Your kind appreciation pleased Lady Gay very much. She asks me to give you her kindest regards, and hopes you will some time write to her alone. Your writing shows gentleness, hope, love of society, kindness, desire for approbation. You are sometimes a little careless in small matters, but you are affectionate, bright and a very likable lass a body.

BENNY BRUMBS.—Writer is idealistic and very honest and plain in her methods. She is determined, energetic, a little temperamental, and her judgment is not infallible. She is more pessimistic than optimistic, impatient, and while she is apt to feel strongly on some matters, she could not defend her opinions against a shrewd antagonist. Generosity and confidingness are shown.

A CANADIAN ABROAD.—Honor, uprightness and some ability and wit are shown. You are rather idealistic and fond of dreams, but have a sturdy independence and rather a happy disposition. Your efforts hopeful and continued, your heart open and generous. It is refreshing to know that you are loyal in the midst of such temptation to secede. Thanks for your hearty words; I quite appreciate your goodness.

AN'N.—The fact that your writing varies won't trouble me. It only shows sympathetic unity, and facility, you are hopeful, but not witty, and you can make yourself happy without too much dependence on the society of others. Your words are discreet and your nature kind, though sometimes you waste effort, you have a healthy desire to rise and are not easily discouraged, would probably fall on your feet.

LITTLE NELL.—1. If you cannot remember any further back than the first publication of SATURDAY NIGHT, don't think you are old enough to have your writing delineated. Do you know how long since the first number appeared? 2. I don't think I would write and invite any friends to come to my church meetings unless I was asked to do so, as secretary. There would certainly be no harm in doing so, but the action might be misinterpreted.

LAURA DEAN.—Carelessness and want of method are shown, not one single I is dotted in a note of fifteen lines. Make smaller commas and save some ink for dots, my dear! I think your writing is rather unformed, but shows good judgment and even temper, deliberate and conscientious opinions, reliability and truth. It is marred by lack of discipline order and artistic finish for though you are a quiet and earnest person your ideas and work in need of sorting and sifting some of them being decidedly scatter brained.

NELLIE.—You are fanciful and poetical, clever and fond of fun, adaptable and amiable, but a little impatient, fond of good things, not over generous to others, but not too indulgent to yourself, of good perseverance and rather impulsive, and a little self-willed, lacking thoroughness and artistic finish, but original and more apt to depend than is right or healthy. It is lovely to be missed. I am afraid it may have been the former cause which banished me to the rear, but I am to the fore again, having grown stronger since you wrote.

CANADIAN DAISY.—I have never heard that San Francisco was unhealthy; parts of it are very dirty. Some such locality would certainly be better for an invalid. Thanks for your kind words and good wishes. I am very sorry your letter was not answered sooner. You are very discreet, not very decisive, careful in method, have some humor, and though not buoyant are very even-tempered, a keen perception and good self-respect are shown. You are a little tenacious of your rights, and practical and sensible in your ways. Gentleness and refinement are shown.

ROMEO.—1. This column is not devoted to fortune telling. I could not at all foretell whether you will marry the girl you are now in love with. Why don't you ask her? Can you ask such idiotic questions? 2. The Psalmist, David King of Israel. 3. Your writing shows love of company and indifference and unconfident speech, you are bright, hopeful, impulsive, self-willed, hasty and not always just in judgment, very persistent, have imagination, have a keen and quick wit. You have a strong enough character and individuality to make it worth while developing. How do you spell Saturday?

A PATIENT WAITER.—Your writing shows a decided care for number one, and some self-esteem, which does not appear in such great clearness to mar a very attractive character; you are sensitive, decided, reticent, a little hard in your judgment, discreet in speech, nervous in temperament, quick in perception. The characteristic shown are those of a clever observant woman, self-reliant and capable but not blessed with those graceful weaknesses which make women most womanly, you are rather unsympathetic, and in matters of affection would demand very great consideration; truth, honor and care are shown.

HAND AND LANGUAGE.—I wish, sometimes you find it necessary to write and hurry me up, that you would kindly keep the same *nom de plume*. Your first letter was dated November 18; your last, February 11. They are both before me. Your writing shows some imaginative power, tenacity, rather a generous but not very original mind. Your methods are sometimes careless, but generally you are conscientious and anxious to do right. I think you can be trusted to fill your work, and energy, if not very great, lasts out well. Good self-esteem and a tendency to see good in friends, and good only are perceptible. You could accommodate yourself to circumstances and be content with moderate blessings.

VERA.—1. Grimsby Park is very popular. Long Branch and Lorne Park are nearer, and you have excellent boat and train service, but there places are yet in rather an unkempt condition. 2. Any wash or wash is more faithful that a corset. The muscles which are weakened by dependance on the corset's support, develope and grow strong when it is removed, and the woman is stronger in body, more graceful in carriage and movement and though probably two or three inches larger round, is no more, more fatal and comfortable that she was before. A wasp waist, the Jenness-Miller, Equipoise and common-sense waists are all good models, but the waist adopted should be well measured and should not be surprised if after a little she needs to have her bodice enlarged. Your other question is *passe*. 3 Your writing shows want of self-reliance, and determination, love of social intercourse, pretty good perseverance, not much discretion, kindness and affection are seen, you lack sense of beauty and intuitive perception, and I think are apt to defer your will too much to say stronger one you meet.

FRIAR TUCK.—1. Your imagination seems to have run you off the straight path of veracity. The question was never raised that I am aware of, as to the sex of the individual. 2. If your hair is red, you had better let it shine, for any dye or other nostrum would probably injure its growth and texture, and your reputation for sense (if you have such) Quite a number of people admire red hair. 3. Ladies do not, as a rule, like your criticism, she does not aim to instruct and inform so much as to interest and amuse. It is with some, rather an uphill task. You had better give her a few pointers on what you consider her want of style, but I warn you that a "serious vein" will be your doubtful method. She loves a joke, but not a serious fool. 4 Your writing shows care and anxiety to accomplish well what you undertake. You are neat, systematic, conservative, and slow. You lack much imagination and sentiment, and while doubtless a worthy and respected person in your own narrow circle will never strike fire from the flints on the world's highway. Get out of your rut, don't be a clam, laugh, sing and be merry. Life will look better to you!

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One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific Coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R. knowing well the tedium of long distance railway travelling, have sought to the utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

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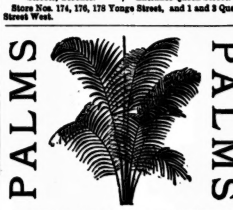

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CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"I can quite understand your feeling of uneasiness as to Daphne's intimacy with the de Maupas family," said Constance to her brother-in-law "but I do not see how it is to be avoided unless you leave Paris for a time. That would make a break."

"Daphne declares she will not go. I have already suggested it."

"My dear Gerald, if you make up your mind she will be obliged to go."

"And what sort of a life do you suppose I should lead!" Mr. Armitage spoke half comically, half in real earnest. "I don't think you have the slightest idea what Daphne can be when she is crossed or thwarted. I suppose you would not take her back to London with you?" he asked, with considerable hesitation.

"Frankly, no, I would rather not."

Mr. Armitage sighed. "What do you advise, Constance?"

"I think that if you could take a trip to Monte Carlo, or to Cannes, or to some cheerful place where she would enjoy herself, she would soon forget her acquaintances here; but I do not counsel you to bury her in a little country place. In my opinion it would be rank folly. Interest her, amuse her, give her so much to occupy her thoughts that she has no leisure to look back. That is my advice."

"I will act upon it. I have been very anxious, Constance. There has been a lack of candor and straightforwardness throughout the whole affair that I can only account for in one way. Daphne did not wish me to know how pleasant the intimacy had become."

"I do not think much harm has been done," said Constance, with an attempt at consolation.

"I am quite certain that at heart she loves you dearly.

He shook his head. He was by no means so well assured.

When Christmas and the *Jour de l'an* were over, Constance fixed an early day for her return. Not even to herself dare she confess how cruelly hurt she was feeling at Basil St. Quentin's studied coldness and neglect. He had not even had the grace to send an invitation which Daphne sent him for the last night of the old year, nor had he sent a single greeting for happiness in the new. She could no longer persuade herself that it was accidental. For some reason he wished and intended to avoid her.

Calling at Madame de Maupas' with Daphne, she heard that he had been to the Rue St. Honore on the preceding day. He had leisure then to pay visits to strangers. Constance felt wounded to the quick. She longed to go back to London, and as Daphne had taken kindly to the Monte Carlo project there was nothing to keep her longer in Paris. A letter from Rebecca put the finishing stroke to her discomfiture.

Miss Baillie had disappeared. For no reason whatever, so far as Mrs. Strangways knew. She simply walked out of the house, having packed her box the night before, and taking only a small handbag with her.

"Oh dear," sighed Constance, "she is so terribly thin-skinned that all unwittingly Rebecca may have given her offence. I must go back at once—I wish I had never left home!"

And it really did seem as if her journey had been productive of but small good. Nevertheless Gerald Armitage warmly pressed her hand at parting, and declared that she was his good angel and that Daphne was far more amenable to reason for her influence.

The tears were in Constance's eyes as she rested her head wearily against the cushions and felt thankful that her journey was begun.

Now to return to London and Clarges street. Full of glad anticipations, Emily made her preparations, and arrived with Eva early on the day appointed.

Mrs. Strangways was not at home, and there was only Dyne to do the honors.

Eva flung her arms rapturously round the old woman's neck.

"Now you'll have to tell me a fairy tale every single night, and two on Thursdays and five," said she. And Dyne promised that she would.

"Lord Hardstock is going to show me how to cook an egg in his hat over a yards of ribbon out of a lighted candle. Won't it be beautiful!"

"Yes, miss." Dyne screwed up her face and took a quick glance at Miss Baillie out of the corner of her eye.

"Is his lordship expected, Dyne?"

It would have been more prudent to have kept silent, but it was beyond Emily. With all her heart she was longing to have all her glad anticipations confirmed.

"I believe so, miss."

Then it was true, really true. The color flew to her face, and she turned aside, but not so quickly but that Dyne saw it.

"Surely she's never a-setting her cap in that quarter," the old woman said to herself. "But there, she's got brass enough in her face for hers to make a kettle, and cheek enough to fill it. The saints preserve us! Who does she think she is, I wonder?"

But Emily's joy was short-lived. The day before Christmas Eve Mr. Strangways turned back as he was leaving the room to say carelessly to his wife:

"By the by, Rebecca. I quite forgot to give you a note from Lord Hardstock. He is prevented from coming to dinner to-morrow."

"Ah! precisely what I expected." Mrs. Strangways' tone was significant. "What did I tell you, my dear? I knew he would not come."

Eva at this moment created a diversion by melting into tears.

"He promised to show me—" she began piteously, but her uncle patted her head kindly, and told her he was more wonderful than his lordship, and would constantly be himself, and nobody paid any attention to Emily, for which she was thankful, feeling as she did that she had grown ghastly white. The disappointment was so great. Somehow she had counted on this visit of Rupert's. It was almost more than she could bear.

Later on, as she sat in her own room, she told herself miserably that her lover must have known that she was in Clarges street and that it was a positive insult to act as he was doing. She would like to have rushed off in search of him, and if she had been at home it is more than probable she would have done so, but as a guest at Mrs. Strangways' house it was not possible. Christmas Day came and went, and anything more dreary poor Emily never experienced. Eva had eaten too many good things and was fractious and troublesome.

Emily's piteous little letter to Lord Hardstock remained unanswered. He had not even considered it necessary to send her a card of greeting although Mrs. Strangways and Eva had both received one. Emily was growing desperate.

Three or four days passed by, and at length she hinted that she was desirous of paying a visit to friends at a distance, and if not inconvenient would like to leave Clarges street about four o'clock on the following afternoon.

"And you must forgive me if I am a little late," she murmured with a winning smile. "It is such a terrible distance to Richmond, and my friends have no spare room, or I would remain all night." Of course Mrs. Strangways said it was of no consequence, and Emily departed the next afternoon.

"I expect Miss Baillie had too much mince pie," remarked Eva reflectively, as she watched her governess walk briskly down the street.

"Why!" asked Mr. Strangways, with whom the child was somewhat of a favorite, possibly because he saw extremely little of her.

"Because she's rather cross, like I was, you know."

"Miss Baillie wouldn't be cross if you were a good girl, Eva," said Rebecca.

Eva played a bar or two on the window sill with her restless fingers, shrugged her plump little shoulders and laughed.

"Auntie Becky," she confided solemnly after a pause, "something goes wrong inside; it isn't a bit me."

Whereupon Mr. Strangways broke into a fit of noisy mirth, and his wife thanked Providence that she had not been blessed with a family.

And although Emily left Clarges street at an orthodox hour, she knew far too much about Lord Hardstock's habits to expect to find him at his chambers until very much later. She frittered the time away in sundry small shoppings, taking an omnibus up to Westbourne Grove, that refuge to the destitute, and making her purchases in an absentminded, leisurely way, after which she ordered a sandwich and a glass of sherry, and frittered away another twenty minutes.

It was close upon eight o'clock when at length she found herself on the familiar staircase, and her heart thumped and hammered against her side, as she ran lightly up. She knocked again and again, but there was no reply. As once before, so now, she stooped down to raise the mat, but no key was there.

"I will wait. I am not going back until I have seen him," she said resolutely. Half an hour passed slowly away. Still no sound, and not a soul coming up or down.

Then Emily pulled a letter out of her pocket, tore off a half sheet and scribbled a word or two on it.

"I shall be back in an hour. I must see you."

This she dropped into the letter box, and went wearily downstairs.

"I must have dinner, and if he comes in again before I return he will find what I have written and wait for me," she reflected, and hailed a hansom and had herself driven to a quiet little restaurant she knew of, where despite her weariness she managed to make a very substantial meal, order a pint of champagne, and drink every drop of it.

Then she returned to the Albany. The door was still shut, and everything looked precisely as when she left, only that the mat was a trifle askew, and the impression she had had put in the box had been removed. This she was sure of, for fearing lest it might be overlooked, she had taken the precaution to turn over a tiny corner of the paper, so that it projected a little bit. Not a trace was now to be seen. With renewed hope she knocked loudly, pressing her finger to the electric bell at the same time. All was as silent as the grave and as unresponsive.

It could not be possible that he had been and gone, disregarding her communication! Emily paced up and down the narrow passage in a white heat of rage. If it were so, she would never forgive him—never!

Even a worm will turn, and Emily felt that her patience had reached its utmost limits. Then as she passed, her eyes rivetted on the door, from within came the unmistakable sound of a yawn—partially smothered.

He was at home, and he did not intend to see her. It was some little time before the full knowledge of this dawned upon her. Her hand was raised to the knocker to emphasize the fact that she was waiting, although she knew her lover was lying low, then it dropped at her side, and with a face grown old and haggard she went slowly down the staircase and out into the street.

Miss Baillie was back in Clarges street by half past three, and retired at once to her room, being seen by no one, and only discovered she was gone. Her bed had been unslept in, her box was packed and strapped, and the only articles missing were a hand-bag and a long cloak which had hung behind the door.

"And now, my dear, you know as much as I do," said Mrs. Strangways to her sister. "I must say the whole thing is extraordinary, but we shall probably have a solution of the problem before long. Rupert had better make up your mind to remain here for a day or two."

And Constance was glad to do so. Her brain was in a whirl. What in the world could have induced Miss Baillie to act so strangely? She could only fall back on her old surmises. Rebecca must have given her offence in some fashion, and she was determined not to remain beneath her roof. But why had she not communicated with herself? This she could and should have done. Eva had been left in her charge, and Mrs. Armitage could not have cast that she had grossly neglected her duties.

She passed a restless night. Her head ached, and she could still feel the motion of the steamer, that eternal thud, thud, as it ploughed through the waters. She came down to breakfast looking pale and ill, and Dyne persuaded her to go into the drawing-room and lie down for an hour or two. She had hardly been there ten minutes when the door bell rang, and, to her great annoyance, Lord Hardstock was ushered in.

"I am resting," said Constance simply, as she held out her hand.

"Oh! done up with your journey," replied his lordship pleasantly. "I did not know you expected home until the beginning of next week."

"No, I had intended coming back on Tuesday, but this flight of Miss Baillie's necessitated immediate return.

"What do you mean?" Evidently this was the first intimation Lord Hardstock had had of Emily's disappearance.

Briefly Mrs. Armitage recapitulated events. "We cannot imagine why she went, or where she has gone," said she. "I tried to make her so happy, and the whole thing troubles me more than I can say."

Whereupon he contemplated the elaborate pattern of fern leaves on a tawn-colored ground, with which Mrs. Strangways' drawing-room was carpeted, for several minutes before he spoke. Then he cleared his throat, screwed up his courage, and took a desperate plunge.

"It is vexatious in the extreme. You might at least have looked for common civility, it is was asking too much of human nature to expect gratitude. Constance—you ought to have someone to fight your battles for you, to protect your interests, to take a portion of the load off your shoulders—will you give me the right to love and care for you?"

It had come at last, as she had always known it must come some day. Thoroughly unnerved and really suffering, she was perilously on the verge of tears. But she must rally herself and make her rejection of his offer as gracious as she could, to wrap the pill well up in silver paper and present it as much in the form of a bon-bon as possible.

She told him she fully appreciated the compliment he paid her, was grateful to him for his interest in her, but that what he urged was out of the question.

"I could never marry again," she added. And she really meant what she said. She did at that moment believe that there would be greater happiness for her in a single life than in any other.

Lord Hardstock fixed his eyes upon her scrutinizingly.

"Will you answer me one question—is there anyone else?"

And with perfect truth Constance answered: "There is no one else."

"No one you prefer to myself?" he persisted.

"That is not a fair question. No one whom I am likely to marry."

And with that he had to be content. But the question did not end there. Since he had no rival to fear, what was there to prevent him gaining his ends? And so he pleaded and argued until Constance rose with an angry flush on her face.

"Please understand that my decision is irrevocable," she said; "under no circumstances could I reconsider it. I have no wish to alter my condition and prefer to remain single."

He pushed his chair aside and faced her, a curious expression about his mouth which puzzled Constance to decipher.

"I will never give up hope," he said between his teeth with dogged persistence. "I believe in fate and I am assured that one day we shall come together."

"Never," said Constance's heart. Aloud she said gently:

"At all events, in the meantime I may be allowed to have a mind of my own?"

He bowed. A minute later the door shut upon him and Constance sank back on her sofa with a half laugh that was something like a sob.

"I am weak and foolish to-day," she said as she dried her eyes.

But she was something more than that, though she would not acknowledge it to herself. She was proving herself a true woman and no wiser than the rest of her sex and grieving over the defection of a man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Hardstock had plenty of food for reflection, and to judge by his countenance his musings were not of the happiest. Constance's rejection of his offer neither surprised nor disappointed him. He had expected nothing else. He knew she did not love him, but he believed in the potency of the dropping water, and was willing to bide his time until the stone showed signs of softening. He was not in the least disheartened at the failure of the first attempt, and had both pluck and determination to try again and again, but he was seriously disconcerted at the news respecting Emily. Not a word had he received from her since the night she had been to his rooms. Where then was she, and what was she doing? That he was at the bottom of it all, of course he was well convinced. Whatever poor Emily's thoughts were, she was undeniably in love with him. The girl could not have been so foolish as to destroy herself! No, he put the notion out of his mind at once. She was too fond of the good things of this world, of life and its pleasures; too solicitous for her own comfort to do herself an injury.

"I suppose I shall hear from her in time," he thought. There was nothing to be done but wait, for he had not the remotest idea where to turn to look for her. She had no friends except himself. Of course there was that doctor fellow—Dale. Was it possible that she was with him? He admired her—had actually proposed to her, or she said he had.

Lord Hardstock drew a long breath. That would prove the happiest solution of the mystery, but somehow his lordship felt rather doubtful. He got a directory and copied out the address in case he might require it. And when three or four days passed by, and still there was no news of the stray lamb, he went down to Kensington and boldly walked up to the surgery door and rang the bell. As it chanced, Dr. Dale opened it himself, being in the act of going out. Seeing a gentleman standing there, he at once asked him to come in.

The two men stood facing each other.

"He doesn't look like a patient; what does he want?" was in the mind of one, while the other was telling himself that women were kittle cattle. Here was a splendid-looking fellow whom any girl might be proud to love, and yet Emily had turned up her pretty little nose at him.

"I must apologize for taking up your time, I—I presume you are Dr. Dale," began Lord Hardstock, "and I believe you were in attendance some time ago at Mrs. Armitage's and made the acquaintance of a young lady there—Miss Baillie?"

"Miss Baillie was my patient." Dr. Dale spoke haughtily.

"Precisely so—may I ask if you have seen or heard of her during the last fortnight?"

"No, I have not. I understood that she had accompanied Mrs. Armitage's little daughter on a visit to her aunt, and I believe has not yet returned."

He was speaking the truth, Lord Hardstock felt sure that. Evidently he did not know where Emily was.

"I trust nothing is wrong?"

"No—I hope not. The young lady left Clarges street somewhat precipitately, and both Mrs. Strangways and Mrs. Armitage are much distressed about it."

"I am addressing—?" Dr. Dale was not a man to beat about the bush. He intended to know who his visitor was, and what he had to do with Miss Baillie.

"My name is Hardstock. You may have heard of me. I have known Miss Baillie many years, and was instrumental in placing her with Mrs. Armitage. This rash step on her part makes it extremely awkward for me. You are not able to help me then?"

Dr Dale paused. "I did not say that. I do not know where the young lady is, but I might—find out."

"How the deuce can you do that?" wondered his lordship, but a straw is not to be despised when all else fails, so he bowed and looked grateful and pleased.

Dr. Dale passed his hand over his brow, and remained silent for some minutes; then he motioned to a table on which were ink and papers.

"Kindly leave me your address. I will communicate with you if I have any information that may be of service."

A minute later Lord Hardstock took his departure.

"I have done it before—the question is, can I do it again?"

Vivian Dale stood with both hands resting on the back of the chair his visitor had just vacated. He was in a hurry, that is to say he had received a summons ten minutes before to a case that was likely to prove a lengthy one, so he turned over a heap of books that lay on a side table, and selecting one that served his purpose slipped it into his pocket, picked up his hat and went out, locking the door behind him.

In a stuffy little room at the top of a lodging-house in Arundel street, and for which nevertheless she was asked an extortionate sum, by reason of its close vicinity to Piccadilly, Emily Baillie had taken up her residence. But it is very certain that if Lord Hardstock, or Mrs. Armitage, or even keen-sighted little Eva, had passed her in the street they would not have recognized her. An adept in the art of making up, she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her auspicious were now fully roused. She believed that she had superseded in Lord Hardstock's affections and resolved to find out by whom.

For this purpose she dogged his footsteps and watched from early morning until late at night. It was an easy matter to do this, for he had not the faintest suspicion that he was watched or followed; and as he had no trouble, some dunns to evade he hardly took the trouble to look about him. But at the end of the fourth day Emily was bound to acknowledge herself baffled. His lordship led a quiet, humdrum life, spending hours at his club and strolling home usually about midnight. She could not find that he had any especial lady friends, certainly none that might prove fatal to her own peace of mind. It was strange. Emily began to think that she had acted hastily and that it would be by no means easy to retrieve the step she had taken. She wished she had been more patient.

If I would have been wiser, she reflected, to have seen her lover and heard what he had to say for himself. After all he might have had excellent reasons for acting as he had done. As it was she had cut herself off from all communications with her old friends and she was fairly penniless. Her money had not trouble. She thought she would go up to Kensington and discover if Mrs. Armitage had returned home. This she did, and soon made up her mind that Mrs. Armitage had come home, for there were now pale rose curtains up in the windows. Heartily wishing herself back in her old home and bitterly regretting her folly, she walked down the opposite side of the street feeling lonely and miserable enough. With her own hand she had severed the link that held her to the world in which her lover dwelt. She had only herself to thank for it. As she thought thus a man coming in the opposite direction looked quickly at her as he passed, hesitated, scrutinized her more closely, turned and would have accosted her, but that she quickly quitted her foe's steps.

It was Dr. Dale. He was puzzled. What on earth was there about this woman, evidently of the lower classes, to remind him of Emily Baillie? It was absurd. And with a smile at his own folly he continued his way.

But Emily did not breathe freely until she was half a mile away.

Then she got into an omnibus and went back to her room.

"The game is up," she told herself. "And now I must manage to wriggle out of the scrape I have got myself into as best I can." She tore off her wig, removed sundry paddings and wires which had contributed to her bulky appearance, and put on the same dress in which she had left Clarges street. Indeed, it was the only dress she had with her. Then she took her Carter Paterson to fetch her trunk and leave it in the cloak room at Charing Cross, and there it was left.

It took her a long time to remove the paint from her face, but it was done at last. About eight o'clock she sallied forth, well wrapped in her cloak and with a light veil over her bonnet, and within three-quarters of an hour she was standing outside Dr. Dale's door. Now it must be confessed that the doctor was very dissatisfied with the results of his second experiment in the hypnotic line. He had concentrated his thoughts upon Miss Baillie to the exclusion of everything else, making his mind a blank, as the book he was studying bade him do, but so far nothing else had come of it.

And on this especial evening he was idly smoking a cigar, having banished all thought of her from his mind, when lo! the door opened and he beheld her before him. There was something radically wrong about it. This was his first thought, his second, unfeigned delight at seeing the girl. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me why you ran away from Mrs. Strangways."

Emily stared, as well she might.

"Did not Mrs. Armitage tell you that I was nursing a sick friend?" she asked sweetly.

"I have not seen Mrs. Armitage," replied he.

"How then did you know I was away?"

And he told her of Lord Hardstock's visit. Emily's heart beat tumultuously. He was anxious about her—troubled! It was a good sign.

She laughed merrily. "It is too funny," said she, "that he should have come to you. Mrs. Armitage could have explained every thing to him. I wrote to her as soon as I knew I should be detained and told her the reason why. I shall go back in a day or two, but I am really worn out. I have had no rest for several nights."

Dr. Dale began to think it a very small mole-hill, out of which this especial mountain had been made, and never for a moment doubted the truth of what Emily said. Not a word did he say of his hypnotic experiment. He felt rather ashamed of himself, and was extremely glad that he had failed. Evidently Miss Baillie's visit here to-night was entirely apart from any influence he might have over her.

"It was good of you to come and see me," he said.

She smiled. "I have not many friends, and so I value those I have."

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"Oh, Emily, if only I might be something nearer and dearer."

She took her head, but she slid her hand into his and let it lie there.

"Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," was counsel which Emily never disregarded. She was wise in her generation, and knew that "great things from little things arise," and that it was folly to despise small beginnings.

Dr. Dale might be forgiven for leaning towards the belief that Emily might yet be induced to lend a ready ear to his wooing.

(To be Continued.)

Did She Marry the Colonel?

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Patricia, you are either a fool or a hypocrite!"

The remark was not a pretty one, and addressed to a girl, it seemed doubly harsh, but Patricia Hembury smiled placidly at her brother as she leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap.

"I may be both," she said, still smiling.

"Then Heaven help Brainard!" was his reply as he left the room.

The derisive curve of the girl's lips drooped into a weary line when she found herself alone, and a long sigh accompanied the words she uttered half audibly:

"If I could only know my own mind!"

And yet she did not look like a girl of indecision, despite the shadows on her face, which told of mental worry and irresoluteness. The round, pink chin had character, undeveloped perhaps, but there for all that, and the forehead, though unseamed by thought lines, was an open and firm one.

Patricia had been engaged for six months to Gilbert Brainard, a young doctor, handsome and clever enough to win and hold the love of any sensible girl, and it was this engagement that was now causing her so much trouble.

Perhaps Brainard's reserve or matter-of-fact way of receiving her affection had cooled the ardor of Patricia's devotion, and she began to doubt whether her regard for him was genuine, or merely gratified vanity at being cared for.

After weeks of harassing perplexity she had determined to confide in her brother, who was spending his Easter holidays at the house of the aunt with whom Patricia lived.

She had proposed to him that she should ask Brainard for a year's abyssance of the engagement, pleading her own lukewarm state of heart, and the possibility of a change in her lover's affection also. This last argument had roused in her brother's mind a suspicion which found utterance in the words already recorded.

"You care for someone else, I suppose," he had added, half expecting her to repudiate indignantly a charge so unlikely.

A month ago Patricia would have answered such a question naturally and simply, but a sore conscience and a pendulous mind are very apt to put one's common sense on the bias.

"If I do, then my plan will be so much the better," she replied.

"There!" and with one last energetic pat on the square envelope to fix the stamp, the important letter was dropped into the postoffice box, and Patricia walked slowly up the principal street in Bracliff, an odd sensation of loneliness in her heart, but yet relieved in almost glad as she saw before her a whole year of freedom. For she knew perfectly well that Gilbert would not indulge in hatred; he would let her have her way, and if she hurt him he would not cry out.

The answer came promptly by return mail.

"You have been honest with me as always. I have never regarded you as bound to an engagement, though I believed that you cared for me. As for myself, I cannot help loving you and would not, if I could. A year from now, say at Easter, I shall come to you and then I trust that we may understand one another better." The writer then went on to speak of indifferent matters—of the weather, of his work, and at the close asked Patricia to be hospitable to a Colonel Deek, an old friend, who would shortly be in Bracliff.

The letter piqued Miss Hembury.

"I wonder if he cares," she said to herself, slipping the letter back into its envelope, and then she added half-regretfully, "Letters are so horribly unsatisfactory!"

Patricia was not a girl of intense emotions and she would not have felt very deeply had Brainard accepted an entire release with alacrity. She could not, she realized, expect to have, a passionate grasp of life as love and of love as life. Her affection for her brother was perhaps the strongest she had ever experienced, and yet, deep down in her heart, she felt that the love she gave to Brainard was not exactly what she knew herself capable of giving as a wife.

She worried a little over her decision, she burnt all her love letters, she transferred his photograph from her dainty toilet table to the family album, but, strange to say, the roses in her cheeks still bloomed, the sparkle in her eye was as bright as ever and her appetite could alarm nobody by its delicacy.

Mrs. Adams, the aunt, was far more concerned over the temporarily broken engagement than was her niece. She had known Gilbert Brainard into her simple, kindly old heart and she pitied him for the pain she knew he was suffering. She could not understand the change in Patricia—to her it was utterly without reason.

But to Patricia's brother the change did not appear so sudden or so excuseless. In her letters during the past few months, and in several chance remarks she made, he thought he could detect a new tone, and not one of a truer ring. Comments upon a former school-mate's splendid match, half-expressed wishes for more money and a good time, had shown him that his sister's mind was not rising to the high ideal he had always placed before her—the memory of the dear mother. Longing for wealth, and all that wealth can give, though natural and right enough in themselves, if indulged and fostered will push better aspirations into the background, and a great discontent had gradually grown up in Patricia's heart at the thought of settling down to a quiet life as the helpmeet of a country doctor—a life in which how to eat one's cake and have it too would be the one all-absorbing problem.

Colonel Deek came and fully justified all that Brainard had written of him. Patricia soon discovered that he knew nothing of his friend's engagement and this fact was agreeable to her. Why, she did not care to ask herself. The sober, middle-aged manners and gentle courtesy of the officer were passports to the good-will of the strictest duenna, and Mrs. Adams conscientiously hedged round with her own little wall of "good form," just so high and just so thick, said nothing to fear when the colonel and her niece spent hours over an interminable game of chess, or when they took walks of many miles together, or when he held the girl so spell-bound, listening to regimental stories, that her attention could only be tardily recalled to other matters.

As regards the two friends, one of them at least had no intention of falling in love or of causing the other to leap into so deep and treacherous a pool. Patricia felt a delicious sense of freedom at this period. She deemed herself accountable to no one for her words or her deeds, and she had besides a vague sense of pleasure in thinking that at any moment she could, if it so pleased her, revert to her former state of thraldom.

But the colonel had developed some strange habits that greatly surprised his man Barney. That worthy put two and two together and sighed as he thought of his honest master falling into the hands of the Philistines.

"Here, I've brought him through safely these twenty years and now he goes and does for himself!" said this wise Gehazi.

The colonel owned to his accusing conscience that he was making a fool of himself, but consoled his wounded pride by recalling that paradoxical proverb about the man who never makes a fool of himself. He determined to test the wisdom of his folly.

"I'll do it this afternoon. I will, by gad!" he assured the empty air on three successive mornings as he plunged into his bath. And on the fourth afternoon "do it" he certainly did.

Calling on Mrs. Adams, he found, to his trepidation and delight, Patricia alone. She was sewing on some white stuff and the colonel sat opposite to her, his eyes riveted on the deft fingers. He did see; hundreds of women sewing, but he was positive that none of them perched the thimble so daintily, or drew the thread in and out so prettily as did Patricia, and he could have sworn that none of them looked up so bewitchingly through dark lashes between the stitches.

"What exquisite work that is!" he said at length.

"Your sarcasm is withering, Colonel Deek!" she answered, laughing. "This is a duster."

"I meant—I didn't mean—I should have said, how exquisitely you work."

"How ridiculous!" she cried. "Any ordinary woman sews beautifully in a man's estimation."

"But you are not an ordinary woman and—"

Then the colonel "did it;" how, he never knew.

For a moment the girl made no answer to his awkwardly shy declaration. This rush of feeling, this terrible choking sense of new consciousness that surged in her heart, was it love for her suitor, or was it fear or was it shame, or what was it? There was a ring of indecision in her voice, as she replied:

"I wish you had not said this. I was so happy in your friendship, and now—"

Miss Patricia," he interrupted slowly, "if it vexes you to think of me otherwise than as a friend, then it will be only as a friend that I shall speak to you. If you cannot give all I want, do you think I shall refuse what you can give?"

This speech was not altogether pleasing to my lady; it sounded too much like withdrawing the siege without sufficient action; a little pique served the colonel's cause well—or ill, just as you please.

"Will you give me time to decide?" she asked kindly.

"Certainly. But do think kindly of me; and when will you let me know?"

"Sometime this spring—at Easter," and as she said it, her heart smote her.

A note came to Patricia the next morning to say that the colonel had left town and would not return till Easter.

And now, free from lovers and all like troubles, Patricia found plenty of time to discover the true state of her feelings. Quiet self examination did not tend to peace of mind and conscience. She saw very clearly how despicably she was acting, but lacked courage to put away lying and speak the truth. Tacitly at least, she had said to herself, "Don't throw away a good chance. Keep Colonel Deek at your heels until you know whether you will return to Brainard or not."

She contrasted the position of Colonel Deek's wife with that of Brainard's. Both good men, both with an average stock of brains, but one wealthy, the other poor. Over and over again did she argue with her heart, and over and over again did she come to the same conclusion. If Deek were out of the way she would love Brainard, and if Brainard were out of the question she would love Deek.

"Unwomanly, horrible!" you say. Perhaps you are right.

One morning, a month or so before Easter, she was sorting a box of old treasures and unexpectedly found a note of Brainard's, which she must have overlooked when destroying her letters. It was a loving little note, asking pardon for some offence he had given her, and as she read tears started to her eyes. "How foolish, how wicked I have been, Gilbert dear," she whispered, softly kissing the paper.

But the feeling was too sudden to be deep. The very next day the old sensation of being tired of Brainard returned, and she thought of the steady, gentle colonel, almost with relief.

A week before Easter, Patricia wrote to her brother, begging advice and sympathy.

"I am a perfect weather-vane," so the letter declared. "I wake in the morning, believing myself deeply in love with Gilbert. I go to bed at night utterly disgusted with myself and him. The most incongruous and unlikely things sway me; aunt speaks, and an intonation in her voice makes me imagine myself once more happy in Gilbert's affection; she speaks again and the spell is broken. I think, with intense relief, of an entire release. The moving of a chair, the striking of a clock, the leap of a flame in the fire—they all influence, now well, now ill. What shall I do?"

True to his promise, Gilbert Brainard arrived and Patricia, being informed of his presence, went down to the drawing-room to greet him. It so happened that one of the reactions in Gilbert's favor was in force that day.

She paused with her hand on the door; he must have no suspicion of her tardy loyalty; he must take the initiative. The words he had written recurred to her memory, "I will always love you, because I cannot help it, and would not help it, if I could."

He was standing by the fireplace when she entered, which she did so quietly that she was at his side before he noticed her.

"Oh, I knew you would not keep me long. How are you? But I needn't ask, you are radiant with health."

All this in a perfectly unembarrassed matter-of-fact tone as he shook her hand warmly.

"My visit here is slightly unnecessary, is it not?" with an arch look.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a startled voice.

"Deek tells me that you have treated him royally. Fine old chap, isn't he? I had no idea when I recommended him to your hospitality that——"

"We have enjoyed knowing him very much," she said quickly.

"Yes, so I should imagine. I met him a few weeks ago and being old friends, he confided his hopes to me."

"I did not know that you knew the colonel so well as that!" she exclaimed. Doubtless it was this unwelcoming fact that drove all blood from her cheeks.

"Why, surely you have heard me speak of Deek as an old friend. Well, anyway, you have made a change for the better. You took advantage of our mutual truce sooner than I did." If Patricia had grown suddenly fogged and trembling he did not notice it, but went on: "I thought you cruel last year, but now I see how wise you were. It would be very foolish to marry a first love."

His light laugh and words were brutal, but the very brutality showed that he was ignorant of her pain; he thought her as relieved and happy as himself.

Patricia stood up; her mouth wore a most charming smile.

"I see," she said, "that you also are open to congratulations. I give them with all my heart. And let me thank you for having spared me the annoyance of being first to own that our agreement was wise."

Brantford, Ont.

Home From Florida.

Eveline—Mabel, dear, the gentleman we just passed was Mr. Trotter, whom we met at Fernandina.

Mabel—So it was. Oh, Evy, let us drive from this place before he recognizes us.

Eveline—But I thought you liked him.

Mabel—And so I do. But this is the same suit I wore the last time we met, and—and—what would he think of me if he saw it again!

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

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Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

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WOMAN'S MISERIES!

Sore hands, raw fingers, cracked skin! What pain and misery many women suffer through the use of injurious soaps and powders!

These troubles don't exist where **"SUNLIGHT" SOAP** is used. On the testimony of eminent scientists IT CANNOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Soap which hurts the skin MUST HURT THE CLOTHES, hence it should be avoided. **"SUNLIGHT"** has been awarded 6 Gold Medals and other honors for purity and excellence.

Let this induce you to try it next washday, and for all domestic purposes.

Remember the Name, "Sunlight"

A Narrow Escape.

Howell Gibbon—I say, old fel, who is that stunning girl?

Hoffman Howes—S-h-h-h, not so loud; she took a prize in boxing.

Howell Gibbon (faintly)—Oh, Hoffy, suppose she had heard me!

$10 00 Round Trip Suspension Bridge to Washington, D. C., on March 15, with privilege of visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Valley Railways.

Just a few days of recreation gives new life and courage to every person to start their work again, and we have made our rates so very low that it is just as cheap to travel as to stay at home. Reduced rates have also been arranged to all the principal cities in close proximity to Washington. Be sure and see the great horse show at Mauch Chunk. On your return home you can visit Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and it will only cost you four dollars extra to return home via New York. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 A.M. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Magnificent vestibule Pullman sleepers will run through to Washington. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Too Close.

Mr. Lotos—Have you any idea what are the relations between that young Hivers Ide and our Lena.

Mrs. Lotos—I don't know; the young people seem to be very close-mouthed.

Mr. Lotos—H'm; so I thought when I discovered them on the parlor sofa this evening.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

A Sensible Choice.

School Teacher (after discoursing on literature)—Now, Georgie Gazzam, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde?

Georgie—Oscar Wilde, ma'am.

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because Shakespeare's dead."

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in spring wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

A Census of Devils.

Of devils, Guilelmus Parisiensis has found, on an exact computation, that there are 44,435,556, but it has been said that they vastly exceed that number. Their external forms and internal characteristics have been minutely described. Their bodies are not terrestrial, but, according to the Church scholastics, something analogous. John Wier, a physician of Cleves, convinced that this world is peopled by crowds of devils, wrote, in 1576, a book of some thousand folio pages which is one of our chief sources of information on the subject. He makes seventy-two princes of devils, with 7,405,926 subjects. He may have owed this information to his master, Cornelius Agrippa. Collin de Plancy, in his Dictionnaire Infernal, has given pictorial illustrations to supplement Wier.

The figure of a devil, generically, is that of a goat with two horns in front and two behind; but he also appears as a frog, a fly, a donkey, and a spider. Blake saw him as a swimming spider. He assumes, shortly, every shape except that of a dove and of a lamb. By Europeans he is commonly painted black. The Africans prefer white devils. That old serpent Satan, the supreme prince of this world, of the powers of the air, and of darkness, Lucifer, the devil *par excellence*, is described as a great red dragon with seven crowned heads, ten horns, and a huge tail. He has two deputies, one of the sea, having three crowns more than his master, displayed with the body of a leopard, the feet of a bear, and the tail of a lion; the other of the earth, known as the beast, with two horns only.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Certificate.

On the recommendation of my doctor I for several years used "Indigenous Bitters" for derangement of the stomach, indigestion, loss of appetite, and general weakness, the natural consequence of such affections.

These bitters, when taken, the advantage of being very cheap, have done me so much good, that I have thought it my duty to recommend them to my friends, who suffer from the same disease, and all who have used them have to my knowledge received the greatest benefit.

A. GARIEPY,
Ex-manager of the Savings Bank,
St. Catherine street.

Montreal, Sept. 5, 1882.

Johnny Fly.

Druggist (to newly hired boy).—Here, Johnny, you do not appear to be busy. Just take these sponges out of the basket and soak them.

Johnny—Not much. I engaged to learn the business, not to work the pawnbrokers.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.

Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

A Long-Headed Father.

"You weren't mad, then, when your daughter eloped?"

"Not much."

"Why did you pursue them so hotly for twenty miles?"

"I was afraid they might repent and come back."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A HEALTHFUL TONIC.

Used in place of lemons or lime juice it will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

Bound to be in It.

Police Commissioner—What assurance could you give that you would always be on hand when a fight was going on?

O'Toole—Oi have allus been very fond o' 'em, yer honor.

In France and England it is in every home. It will soon be in every home in Canada. Try "Lesaive Phenix" once, and you will pitch the ordinary washing powders out of the window. Lesaive Phenix is a delightfully soothing and softening agent. Use it in your bath and it will make your skin soft and fair. Use it in your wash and it will make your clothes whiter than snow. Use it upon brass, or silver or copper, or glass, or earthenware, and it will make every article shine like the sun. Ask your grocer.

Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley street, Toronto, writes Oct. 2, 1891, as follows: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacobs Oil, shortly after its use I was relieved, and ultimately entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in the house."

Too Bad.

De Jinks (looking at his shoes)—I had these patent-leathers varnished to-day.

Hoffy—What's the matter—leather worn out?

De Jinks—No; the patent has expired.

A Delicate Hint.

"There is but one thing I desire," she sighed.

"Tell me," he pleaded. "and you shall have it. What is it?"

"Rent," she answered.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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The Independent Theater.

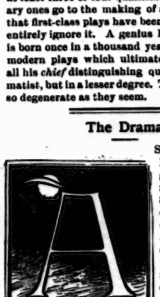
PROBABLY the near future will see the establishment of an independent theater in New York. This fact, perhaps, will not in the immediate future have any direct bearing on theatricals in Toronto, but if it accomplishes what it sets out to do, it should indirectly influence the attractions for the continent. It has the supposed object of reuniting literature and the drama. This is a consummation which, if done according to the directions of the university lecturers who once in a while break out in eulogy of the past and sorrow for the degenerate present, is not devoutly to be wished. The usual weakness of scholastic critics is their failure to recognize the dramatic quality as a distinct entity. But few readers do not know that the dramatic "idea" is—latent at least—in the minds of all. Most people have an intuitive grasp of the dramatic even although they may be unable to express it in words. Everyone dramatizes his own life, be he a thinking or unthinking person. It is the dramatist's task to seize on the dramatic spirit of a subject and by his art mould it into a form that shall minister to the dramatic in the appetite of onlookers. The unthinking onlooker will enjoy cheap effects and crude colors; the thinking one will trace the scenes so presented to their source, and he asks for deep and subtle effects and so far him, the dramatist must call psychology to his aid.

Now the Independent theater of London, England, started out with a recognition of the dramatic "idea." But though they ostensibly catered to the thinking theater goer, the psychology its directors administered was of a very peculiar kind. It was interesting enough, as a freak is interesting to a medical student, but as a regular, everyday thing, the public grew tired of it and were repelled by its loathsome qualities. Ibsenites seem to suppose that dirt is all that there is to analyze, but the general thinking public are not Ibsenites, happily; and a three fold analysis of all that is repulsive soon becomes monotonous.

In an equal plane with psychology as an aid to the dramatist in making his work acceptable, stand literature and humor. If a play has no psychology but high poetic qualities it may possibly succeed; an instance of which is Hugo's Hernani. A play without psychology but with high humorous qualities, has strong chances of success, for humor appeals to all while literature to but a portion; the Private Secretary is a most striking instance of this fact. A drama with true psychology and with neither humor nor literature can also succeed as has Monbars. But with all these qualities must be united the dramatic quality; for does it not constitute the DRAMA itself? The New York Independent Theater is in good hands. Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. Frank R. Stockton have true humor, true psychology; and the position of literature to the drama will probably not be allowed to be unduly exaggerated. No instances such as Hernani, brought forward under just such independent auspices, are likely to occur. Shakespeare is the cry of those who vaguely talk of the wedding of literature and the drama. But Shakespeare is first dramatist, then psychologist, then humorist and lastly a creator of literature. I will not deny that the literature of Shakespeare's dramas is that which makes them a gift to posterity, but does the university critic imagine that the populace of Elizabethan London pattronized Shakespeare's Hamlet the more because they thought that it would still be considered the greatest of dramas by the theater goers of centuries to come? Because every dramatist is not a Shakespeare should no modern cloth ing be seen on the stage?

The independent theater can do good work, but by no possibility better than that A. M. Palmer or Augustin Daly or Daniel Frohman are doing. The directors must recognize that at least three or four qualities other than literary ones go to the making of a good play, and that first-class plays have been produced which entirely ignore it. A genius like Shakespeare is born once in a thousand years. Most of the modern plays which ultimately succeed have all his *chief* distinguishing qualities as a dramatist, but in a lesser degree. The times are not so degenerate as they seem. TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.



SEASON of the legitimate drama goes with good relish in Toronto. Shakespeare still continues to draw, and houses as large as those of last Saturday, when Keene performed The Merchant of Venice and Richard III., are seldom seen. A high-class repertoire calls for a high standard of criticism and it is to be feared that were Keene judged by the law as laid down by his master Shakespeare, he might be found wanting in some few of the requisites of a good actor. It is to be feared that Keene does at times "o'erstep the modesty of nature," and that there are times when he might in his acting advisedly "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." But he is a conscientious and thoughtful actor, who makes his particular successes in "character" parts. His Louis XI. is a finished performance. When it is necessary that certain physical peculiarities which have a bearing on the impersonation must be maintained and he has not a great chance to be noisy, Keene leaves little to be desired. Perhaps it is more effective than artistic to speak in several tones of voice, but with a man of many moods such as Louis, one must expect many vagaries. An intelligent onlooker remarked that some of Louis' asides were surprisingly like nineteenth century wit, but it is probable that this nineteenth century has no monopoly of cynical old men. These same witty asides were admirably done by Keene; he did not make the mistake of making them obtrusive. His fine mobile face was also responsible for much of his success. On Friday night, in Richelieu, he simulated the infirmity of the cardinal with great excellence. Keene's tendency to overstep the modesty of nature is particularly apparent in his somewhat defective declamation, but Richelieu is, like Louis XI., a play so strong in good and dramatic situations as to carry a man with "character" abilities along with it, and in spite of its somberness is always acceptable. Both Richelieu and Louis XI., as plays, are good, distinctive—or I might say, Shakespearean character-drawing, and one still retains one's allegiance to the great Elizabethan. Keene's Shylock was an unfinished piece of work. His vocal mannerisms, his tendency to rant, were less restrained than in other parts, but as his audience was largely composed of those to whom the theater is a rare bit of indulgence, "awful like sin," it was not a critical one. The hundreds of ladies and school-girls present at the Grand last Saturday afternoon went more to hear Portia say "The quality of mercy is not strained," and to hear Gratiano bate the Jew, than to pay much attention to Keene's or anybody's acting. Every maiden present, perhaps, had a lurking idea that a great Portia was lost in her. In Clibber's awkward arrangement of Richard III., on Saturday night, Keene did some very excellent work. It is one of his best known and most popular impersonations. He was especially good and reminiscent of Lewis Morrison in certain of Richard's Mephistophelean passages, and the chief fault to be found was with his hacked declamation of the longer soliloquies. Take Keene's work as a whole and it shows honest endeavor, much talent, and general effectiveness. Something that Marion Crawford says in the current *Atlantic* may throw light on the fact that there seems much more of Thomas W. Keene than of the character presented, in all his work. "Those who have been intimate with a great actor," says Crawford, "know that the characters he plays best are not all assumed; there is a little of each in his own nature. There is a touch of the real Othello in Salvini; there is, perhaps, a strain of the melancholy Scandinavian in English Irving." Now Keene usually plays villains, or at any rate men of peculiar and misshapen morals, and it is possible that he personally has little in common with such characters. It is probable that he has no intuitive grasp of a villain's emotions except in passages such as the Mephistopholean bits in Richard III., in which nearly all human nature cannot but sympathize.

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There is an actress in Keene's company, however, who can give an impersonation that is almost real. I speak of Miss Henrietta Vaders, who played Portia, and Queen Elizabeth in Richard III. Her Portia was excellent though somewhat too matronly in appearance, but on Saturday night in the scene where Queen Elizabeth parts with her two sons, she did work more natural, more touching than the efforts of any one else in the company, star included, during the whole engagement. In the small part of Barbel in Louis XI., her work was also very fine. Despite a defective stage presence which unfits her for some parts, there is some real acting genius about her. Miss Alberta Gallatin has a charming stage presence, and has evidently had good teaching. She speaks her lines well and makes the most of them, and was an excellent Marie in Louis XI., a pleasing Nerissa, and did good work in the trying *role* of Lady Anne in Richard III. Mr. Frank Henning is an actor with some power and a fine voice, which he uses too much at times. Mr. Walter Matthews, Mr. Carl Ahrendt, Mr. John Harrison and Mrs. S. A. Baker deserve mention. The company, though defective in some respects is of a "legitimate" class, and men well adapted for modern society plays do not strut abashed in the sock and buskin of old.

*

The obsolete Two Orphans is almost as old as East Lynne and recalls to one the days before he was born. It is a good melodrama. It has neither psychology, humor nor literature in it, but it is cleverly constructed, and most melodramas have not this good quality even. Everyone knows its picturesque qualities, and everyone knows how cleverly Kate Claxton plays the blind girl. The white arms that shivered in the cold are plumper than they used to be. In the piece all characters are either angels or devils, and as nearly every member of the company plays "doubles," almost everyone has a chance of assuming both characters. Chas. A. Stevenson was very good both as Jacques and as Chevalier de Vaudrey. Lillian Lawrence was comely, and her Henriette was evidently a well studied task. Geo. Foster Platt did good work in the very trying *role* of the cripple, and Marie Bingham was well made-up and did excellent work as the brutal Mother Frochard. The balance of the company did fair work. Worse shows have been better patronized this season.

*

Next week's very fine attraction at the Grand will be an elaborate production of Amy Robsart by Marie Wainwright.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's benefit was a novelty for Torontonians. Three companies, three orchestras and a large representation of local talent were certainly worth hearing, and a large audience was assembled at Jacobs & Sparrow's theater. The playing of the combined orchestras of the Grand, the Academy and Jacobs & Sparrow's was perhaps the most notable feature of the entertainment. Characteristic and other selections were rendered, including Ten Minutes with the Minstrels, Suppe's Morn, Noon and Night, and Auld Lang Syne, and met with immense applause. Thomas W. Keene also gave a brilliant rendering of the Forum scene from Julius Cæsar, followed by the second act of the Private Secretary by Edwin Travers' company, and the furnace act from Master and Man. The well known comedy abilities of Harry Rich and W. R. Rankin were brought into requisition; Messrs. Malchien and Currie did some interesting fencing; Mr. George Smedley did some clever work with his musical instruments, and Messrs. Ambrose, Campau and McGo'pin performed on the horizontal bar. The stage director was Bro. John Ambler, and the musical director was Bro. Will J. Obernier. The men responsible for the success were: officers J. Timpson, chairman; J. Ambler, treasurer; John Woodburn, secretary; the entertainment committee included those already mentioned and Bros. F. Ambler, Charles Fairhead, George Hubbert, Thomas Hutchison, Charles Legge, W. E. Meredith and James Mathers; the two latter gentlemen looked after the printing. The programme committee was composed of: Bros. John Ambler, John Gowan, W. E. Meredith and William J. Obernier. The silk souvenir programmes were beautiful. The Toronto Lodge, No. 11, numbers sixty-five members, and the benefit was an interesting and profitable one.

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As this column tries to live up to its heading and the writer confesses his limited knowledge of the intricacies of variety song and dance, readers will have to go elsewhere for a criticism of Dowd's Neighbors. I might recommend them to the high-class daily which thought Keene vulgarly played to the "gods," but found the "operatic" comedy (save the mark!) a thing of delight. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Rose Coghlan has introduced an innovation to the stage. It is carrying her own dressing-room. Her parts require her to change her costumes nine times each evening this season, and for that reason she has a dressing-room that is singularly well adapted to her use. It is made of white pine and canvas, carefully put together, and is carried in the regular way with other properties.

I have reason to believe that there is a good deal of foundation for the whisper that the next production at the Lyceum Theater will be The School for Scandal. Mr. Irving will play not Joseph Surface—a part which he once successfully essayed—but Sir Peter Teazle. Lady Teazle will, of course, be entrusted to Miss Ellen Terry. The revival in question will not, however, be necessary for many a long month to come.

Apropos of the production of Lady Windermere's Fan—for that is the title which Mr. Oscar Wilde has finally fixed upon for his new play at the St. James's—it may be worth noting that his Salome is to be produced at the Theater d'Art in Paris next month. It is in one act and in prose, a highly poetical dramatization of the story of John the Baptist. Mr. Wilde wrote in French from the beginning. It is very much admired by those who have read it, and the production of a French play of considerable literary pretensions is being eagerly looked forward to by artistic Paris.

Nat C. Goodwin writes: I have been accused of being a "burlesque actor," and the accusation was not made in a friendly spirit. Why should I be placed under that head, when in reality I have played but one burlesque part in my life—Matthias in Those Bells. I sincerely wish I had been more closely identified with burlesque, as the work is gratifying to a degree. But as the public does not understand burlesque, and as the authors will not write them, what are you going to do? Don't chide the poor player for ministering, as best he knows how, to the public's wants. And when you see an effort being made to advance dramatic art, don't condemn the effort by referring to the actor's method as "burlesque," for then you are paying him a great tribute.

Theatrical managers can well afford to pay expensive *devoire* to our Royalty, says *Land and Water*. Royalty does so much for the stage. Business always improves after a royal visit. If a piece were a commercial failure and the Prince of Wales chose to visit it two successive nights, and call for the manager and compliment him—facts which would be telegraphed to and used by all the morning papers—it would instantly become remunerative for at least a fortnight. Intrinsically the royal favors are themselves rarely the source of immediate profit. The fixed charge is £5 for a box. If ladies are coming, bouquets at a cost of two and even three guineas are placed in the box for each lady. The Duchess of Edinburgh, visiting a theater that could be named, and discovering a splendid nosegay on the ledge of the box, instantly sent for the manager, to ask if that was an extra, and, if so, to give him clearly to understand that on principle she only paid for what she ordered. Her Royal and Imperial Highness was speedily reassured, and she graciously allowed the flowers to remain. Sometimes, but very rarely, when the Prince telegraphs to say that he will want the Royal box that night, there is a difficulty with the man who has already engaged it. During Mrs. Wood's reign at the Court, an American who had secured the Prince's box absolutely refused to surrender it. The management had to telegraph to Marlborough House, "Some other time."

'Varsity Chat.

ON Saturday night last through the kindness of a friend I occupied a good seat in the pit at the Grand and heard Keene in Richard III. During the evening a speech was cheered out of him, and I took pains to note his remarks about the boys as follows:

Gratifying as it is to me to say how I have been received throughout the length and breadth of the British possessions, yet to-day I experienced one of the brightest moments of my life. I will tell you the circumstance. I had left the theater and had returned to my hotel, when I was waited upon by from one hundred to two hundred students of the Institute of Toronto. I faced those boys! (Laughter) I have been calm in the presence of audiences that numbered thousands, but those boys got the best of me. (Applause.) I was so nervous that I could not command one sentence. However, I will do better form to-night. Is there any one of those boys here to-night? (Cheers which showed that the gang was in the gallery.) I have been a boy myself. As they stood in front of me I said to myself, "I am looking upon a future age—upon those who next century will be the citizens, the philosophers, the scientists, the physicians, the statesmen of this great country." (Loud applause.) And to-night I thought, judging from their performance, there might be some sopers sprigers amongst them. (Loud laughter.) Well, I can only say with Richelieu, "I love the young." One thing more I will say, the boys sang to me the accompanying words of a toast I have heard all the way from England to California, For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. I hope I am "a jolly good fellow." (Cries of "You are.") Well, I trust that with a little more hard work in the near future I will be a jolly actor, too. (Applause).

Keene must be pardoned for referring to our University as an Institute, for I do not suppose there are over a dozen students who know that ours is the University of Toronto. There is no such institution as Toronto University.

*

Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., '91, now lectures on mediæval history. He has just returned from Columbia College, New York, where he was pursuing a post graduate course.

*

A pinch of salt from life:

Visitor—Who is that so nice and neat in his overcoat?

Student—That is a fellow.

Visitor—What is a fellow?

Student—A fellow is a person who delivers many lectures.

Visitor (with sarcastic humor)—Does he lecture with the overcoat on?

*

The following are the newly elected officers of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society: Mr. H. R. Horne, B. A., president; Mr. James Wilson, B. A., vice-president; Mr. John R. Sinclair, B. A., critic; Mr. G. A. Wilson, B. A., recording secretary; Mr. James A. Mustard, B. A., corresponding secretary; Mr. A. Budge, secretary of committees; Messrs. P. Menzies, J. R. Wilson and T. Sinclair, councillors.

*

Mr. H. Rushton Fairclough, M. A., in his lecture Saturday last on The Ancient and Modern Drama, pointed out that Antigone had been presented by the students ten years ago. The boys of that time must have loved Greek more than we do now. The lecturer pointed out that owing to its history the Greek drama sharply distinguished tragedy and comedy, yet the blending of the two in the ludicrous is occasionally found, especially in the transitional art of Euripides. The imaginative flights of Shakespeare, one of the most characteristic features of the romantic drama, found their parallel in the Greek lyric choruses. From the point of view of Mr. Theodore Watts, in his analysis of poetic genius, the highest kind of poetry, that in which the poet is in the literal sense of the word a creator, is poetry in which the poet's self vanishes and "the divinity has seized his soul." That sphere of poetry is the dramatic, and of the world's greatest poets those who possessed the purest and most absolute dramatic imagination were Aerchylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare, of whom Shakespeare was indisputably the greatest.

Mr. A. T. Lang presided at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science this week, and a paper was read by Mr. S. G. Curry on The Heating and Ventilating of Buildings.

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The medicals held their elections at the close of last week in the old building on Gerrard street east. It was a gay affair, for the occasion was the final meeting for the year, and the fun was fast and furious. Various dances were indulged in, songs were given and the piano was in frequent requisition. Dr. Ferguson, demonstrator of anatomy, has given a silver medal for the best essay from a fourth year man, and Mr. H. A. Bruce carried it off in the face of keen competition, by an exceedingly able essay on Modern Methods in Intestinal Anastomoles." Two excellent papers were read by Messrs. J. A. Wilson and C. E. Smythe. The officers elect are as follows: President, Dr. Wilberforce Aikins (by acclamation); first vice-president, Mr. F. Martin; second vice-president, Mr. C. E. Smythe; recording secretary, Mr. F. J. Ball; corresponding secretary, Mr. K. C. McIlwraith; treasurer, Mr. J. A. Williamson; curator, J. A. McArthur; councillors, Messrs. F. Blanchard, J. J. Williams, N. McKechnie, G. D. Porter.

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Mrs. Ramsay Wright was At Home to the natural science students on Saturday evening last, and on Thursday Mrs. Ashley was At Home to the political science men.

*

The formal opening of the School of Practical Science last week was a great success. As a notice of the proceedings appears elsewhere in these columns, I will direct my attention to the students clad in "blue jeans," who attended to the machinery &c., during the evening. The three testing machines, hundred ton, torsion, and fifty ton, were managed by Messrs. Goodwin, Alison, Laing, Laschinger, Fairchild and Prentice. The electrical apparatus, including batteries, dynamos, motors, etc., were in the charge of Messrs. Lea, White, Milne and Lash, '93. Messrs. Langley, '92, Fingland, '93, Keele, '93, and Ballantyne, '93, took charge of the element testing-room. The system of water works appliances, including pumps, tanks, reservoirs, water-wheels, and dynamometer was managed by Messrs. Playfair, Smith, Ross, Mitchell, Thomson and Backe, '93. Messrs. Anderson and McEntee attended to the indicators of the engines. Besides those already mentioned, Messrs. Goldie, Robertson and Hanly, of the second year, managed the planers and lathes. JUNIOR.

His Belief Materialized.

Omar Ibrahim had been thinking heavily. Plucking up courage he approached his master, Mahomet.

"Right eye of the setting sun. Allah be with you," said he to the prophet. "I beg an increase of salary of ten dollars and five dirhems."

"Thou believest in the adage, 'Time is money!'" asked Mahomet.

"Verily," answered Omar.

"Then thou mayest work two hours longer each day."

Lent.

For Saturday Night.

Adown the valley doth the streamlet flow,
Swelled by the waters of the warm noonday;
New princes, now from ice it breaks away
In dappled pools that in the sunset glow;
The faded grass peeps through the gilded snow;
And on the hills, in shining mailing steeled,
On Mother Nature's face, like scars half-healed,
The raw, red harrows of the sand doth show.
The wind through the eternal pines doth sigh,
Whose mourning plumes are, at the valley's end,
Clear limned in black against an orange sky;
While over hill and farm and valley swells
The solemn music of the Lenten bells,
That with the streamlet's song their and notes blend.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

At Dawn.

For Saturday Night.

The angel of gloom is withdrawing her sable-fringed robes from the night;
The angel of dawn wide is scatt'ring the pearl-glinted atoms of light;
The red harvest moon sinks from labor on a cloud couch of sea-green and rose,
While over the eastern summits the first flush of waking morn glows.

Soft zephyrs flit light thro' the meadows arousing the grasses from sleep.
From the glances of regnish-eyed Phœbus, who doth from the hay hills creep,
The dew-drops shrink, shyly coquettish, in the arms of the wakening flowers.
The birds pour their opening chorus from the depths of their leafy green bowers.
The mists from the east are arising and in brightness are melting away.
All nature rejoices to welcome from Orient regions the day.

A. L. MCNAB.

A Winter Roundel.

For Saturday Night.

Deep lies the snow where we met that day,
Faint sounds the brooklet's muffled flow,
In white wreaths where the violets lay,
Deep lies the snow.

Rest on the silent plain below,
Peace in the twilight gathering gray,
Ah! rest and peace love may not know.

Winter winds the pine tops sway,
Dirge for departed summer's glow,
Over the love of yesterday
Deep lies the snow.

C. H.

Sympathy.

For Saturday Night.

Take these brier-roses, plucked to-night
Beside a gold-touched tarn, and though they faint
With fragrance rich, or shed a naive light
Around your lips that blush, think patient saint
Not all of that, but of the symbol bright
They are of sympathy. I might have given
You damask proud, or moss with spiny pale,
Had not mine own heart, too, been wildly driven
Across a reylem night; had not my soul
Felt Hyp's dead touch, and lost the earthly heaven
When it was sweetest. Let my weary dole—
My song—in minor measures blend with thine,
While faintly curfews o'er us mem'ries toll,
And all your sorrow mingle into mine.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

At a Symphony.

Out of the rush and roar of the street,
Out of the lashing, blinding sleet,
As shivering travelers blithely fly
Across a moorland, bleak and bare,
To reach a lamp-lit portal, where
A radiant hostess waits—so I
Leap lightly through the rain and stand
In the gleam and glow of Music Land.

O sunlit world of harmony!
O shapes that form and float and flee
Athwart a golden luminous mist!
No more the winter wind's on me
Their mingling music lays my head
By wind-sprites fair and fleet and free,
I walked a shadow-dappled grass;
My eyes are closed, yet still I see
The dancers in their dizzy swirls,
And here the care-free singers pass,
And catch the eyes of laughing girls.

Vast armies come with jar of drum,
Their noise a deep, symphonic hum,
Lit by wild songs, while here and there
Breaks out the trumpet's rosy flare.
Now soft and low, and passion-strung,
Are heard two voices at the gate,
Where lovers part so fair and young!
And she is pleading: "Wait, O, wait!"
Her eyes are dusk, her arms are bare;
His fierce plume mingles with her hair.

Now on the wind again there comes
The stern, remorseless beat of drums,
Joined with the cymbal's clang and blare
Of brazen trumpets on the air;
One last embrace, and from her side
He leaps to join the sullen tide
Of marching men, whose footfalls fall
As trumpet's notes die in a wall
Above the deep receding hum,
And far, faint throbbing of the drum.

Again the dancers on the grass,
Eternal youth, untouched by scars!
Life flights of flowers their faces pass.
The sunlight fades, and splendid bars
Of light stream upward from the sun,
Vast lances, gemmed with yellow stars.
The waltzers wait, the dance is done;
Night hides across the fairy green,
And wind and wood possess the scene!

O sacred, luminous Music Land;
Within thy chastened boundaries
No rain-wet, weary mortals stand,
With numb cold heart and haggard eyes.
Thy wars are only pictured wars,
Thy very woes but pageantries;
Thy stately heroes bear no scars,
And silver songs thy maidens cries;
Would we might lose our way and stand
Forever tranced in Music Land!

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Humiliation is a guest that only comes to those who have made ready his resting place and will give him a fair welcome. My father used to say to me, "Child, when you grow to womanhood, whether you be rich or poor, gentle or simple, as the balance of your life may turn for or against you, remember always this one thing—that no one can disgrace you save yourself. Dishonor is like the Aaron's Beard in the hedgerows, it can only poison if it be plucked." They call the bella donna Aaron's Beard in the country, you know; and it is true that the cattle, simple as they are, are never harmed by it; just because, though it is alway in their path, they never stop and taste it. I think it may just be so with us, with any sort of evil.—*Ouida.*

Between You and Me.

"WOMEN are such cowards," said a contemptuous man to me one day lately, as we trudged up town. "They are afraid of each other and afraid of a little work, and as for pain, see what a fuss they always make over it." He was big and strong and, it seemed to me, stupid, but I thought I'd draw him out, because he might have a reason for being so far at sea about us!

"Please tell me what makes you think women are afraid of each other?" I asked very mildly.

"Well, I know they are. There's my married sister. She wanted to give a party for me this month, but after worrying and making lists and talking for two whole days she gave up the idea because there are so many strangers visiting our friends she hadn't room for our circle, and she was afraid those she omitted would take it out of her in some way." "Ah." I knew he had got me, but I tried again. "Well, women aren't afraid of work, anyway." "You aren't," he said kindly; "but most of them are. I was talking to my sister about some new scheme I had for our club, and she just said, 'Don't think of it. I could never take all that trouble,' and she hasn't a thing to do." I had nothing to say, but changed to my last question. "Don't you think they bear pain well?" "Well? Why, last week my sister——" He paused and caught me grinning. "Now, what are you laughing at?" "At you and your sister," I said explosively, and I wondered how many men of my acquaintance rail at women when they mean one particular she, who has not been nice to their weakness or their waywardness.

This generation is not entirely money-mad, though I read not long since that a large legacy would ruin the principles of the best of men. And on the heels of this pessimistic deliverance came an experience which gave its flat denial to the ill-placed slur. As it has been already commented on in the public press the episode of a rich man's death, an unsigned codicil, and numerous unsecured legacies to our city charities is familiar to the people who read the papers, but the beautiful illustration of the fact that legatees may have principles beyond the swaying of self-interest, which is given by the rich man's heirs, in their desire to loyally carry out his unfinished codicil, has put a dose of sugar in the cup of many a bitter coffee, and given one a greater faith in one's friends, and thereby, I ween, done more good than will even the bequeathed gold.

I am continually being asked by correspondents to give them a hint as to how they can make a little pocket money (that is, girl or woman correspondents). Here is a funny way in which a Parisian of truly French ingenuity makes quite a nice little income. He has a monopoly just now but the idea isn't patented, so far as I know, and might be worked for afternoon teas. Isn't it funny? His business card reads thus: "Charles Richon, imitator of nightingales, for gardens and restaurants." It appears that this artist is fully employed during the summer months. If the good Parisian *bourgeois* who owns a dozen square yards of garden gives a "garden party," Charles Richon takes his stand behind flower pots or pomegranate tubs and thence produces warbles, such heavenly sounds, compared to which those of the famous nightingale of the Emperor of China are poor music indeed.

A funny little maid is small Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The other day she had forgotten to study a lesson for her English governess, and the stern teacher gave her little Majesty, as a punishment, the task of drawing a map of Europe. Angry and rebellious was the small potentate, and her way of expressing her feeling was so cute that it made me laugh. When the map was handed in for inspection the Netherlands proved to be a country of great magnitude and importance, while England was represented by as minute a dot as the pen would make!

There might possibly be a parson who would read this column in a moment of absence of mind, and the following directions as to how to preach a sermon may be useful to him. They were spoken by an eminent Nonconformist minister, the late Dr. Littlefield, and are as follows:

Begin low;
Proceed slowly;
Rise higher;
Take fee;
When most impressed
Be self-possessed;
To spirit wed form,
Sit down in a storm.

The last line would have to be adapted to the practice of our English parsons who don't sit down—but the rest isn't bad.

It is a truth that when people do wrong they should be punished, just as surely as that when people do wrong they *are* punished. But sometimes they seem to get more than their share. I have been thinking this as I read over the English papers, with the long accounts and illustrations of the punishment of Mrs. Osborne for stealing her friend, Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. The weeks of torture and shame and exposure seem to be enough without the penal servitude. However, Mrs. Osborne has one jewel which she did not steal and which she could not buy, but which is worth more than all of Mrs. Hargreave's pearls, and that is a jewel of a husband. I have a sincere admiration for the quiet gentleman who has shown true love and immense grit in all this trying time, and who reseats even the admiration his conduct evokes, with the remark that he has only done what any man would do. Captain Osborne has shown more courage and self-control and loyalty than he knows, and sad as is the occasion which called it forth, his conduct will do more to ennoble the men who watched him than will ever be known.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, Sir Morell Mackenzie's daughter, has a good reputation as a newspaper correspondent.

Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, is fond of horse back exercise, and may be frequently seen riding in the vicinity of his home at Morristown.

The founder of San Francisco, Jacob Primer Lees, died in a hospital in that city a few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-two. He had lost the large fortune he once made.

At an auction held last week in Boston, Poe's copy of The Bells sold for $230 and $55 was given for a gold locket containing a lock of Poe's hair entwined with one of his wife's.

One of the drawbacks connected with Queen Victoria's lofty station is the law that forbids her reading documents or receiving any letters except from her own family, until they have been scrutinized by the person in charge of the royal correspondence.

Lord Tennyson is said to be an inveterate novel reader, and when he becomes absorbed in an especially interesting story at night it is often difficult to persuade him to leave it to go to bed. He does not rise early, and breakfasts in his bedroom, taking a couple of hours' stroll afterwards before his lunch. He continues to be devoted to his pipe.

It is not generally known that the author of the famous jingle, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," is Mrs. Julia A. Carney of Galesburg, Illinois. She was Miss Julia A. Fletcher of Boston fifty years ago, when she wrote the verses. They attained an instant popularity, but Mrs. Carney's connection with them has never been well known.

H. Rider Haggard divides his time and attention between his literary work and the duties of his farm. He usually gives the morning to the latter, and begins his writing before four o'clock in the afternoon. He writes until dinner-time, and gives an hour or two of the evening to the same work, and even with this he usually produces three or four thousand words a day. He declares that he can complete an important work in six months.

Miss Angelina Brooks, whose knowledge of kindergarten methods has rendered her an authority in that line, has been making a study of the curb-stone children of New York. She finds that there are 141,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six years who spend their lives in the streets of New York and never see the inside of a school. Miss Brooks is making every effort to kindle an interest in these waifs that will result in the establishment for them of free kindergarten schools.

The head of the railway department in Hungary wished to satisfy himself of the efficiency of the ready relief societies at Buda Peath. He sent a telegram to the post capital announcing a railway collision one hundred miles away, with a number of deaths and thirty seriously wounded. A minute before 2 p.m. the despatch was received. At 2.10 the central station of the "Ready Relief for the Wounded" had the news. At 2.20 their first ambulance, with dressings and nurses, was at the depot and taken on a special train. At 2.30 seven of their ambulances, with fifty "ready relief" people, bandages, stretchers and medicines, were taken away by the second special train. All of this was in thirty-one minutes.

The old apothegms that "hard work is happiness," and "genius is only continued patience," find an interesting verification in the career of Pasteur, the great French chemist. In his youth he is said to have risen at four o'clock in the morning to go to his laboratory, where he was accustomed to remain, with but few interruptions, until nine at night. The story that tells how he was found in his laboratory when due at the altar to marry the rector's daughter, at Strasburg, is well known. Now, at sixty-five, he still labors over his experiments with unremitting eagerness, and with all the fine enthusiasm of youth. He has found it necessary, in his search for microbes, to gather a veritable menagerie of the smaller animals—rabbits, guinea-pigs, monkeys and dogs—about him.

In an unpretentious little flat, charmingly decorated, on East Forty-third street, New York, Lillian Russell has her *pied a terre*. Her drawing-room, decorated in white and gold, is a confused mass of prettiness. Soft hangings of salmon pink and blue brocaded silk drape the doorway by which you enter the little *salon*. Here the carpets, the curtains, and the numberless cushions enter into the same scheme of coloring. Dresden statuettes and candelabra decorate the mantelpiece, covered with white silk embroidered with gold. White and gold are the frames, too, of the water colors that adorn the walls; so is the Louis XV. writing-table, with the cabinet on the top of it filled with bric-a-brac, and the piano that stands in an alcove. A screen of old French tapestry separates from the *salon* the fair singer's bedroom, which is furnished in light oak, and beyond that a charming little dressing-room. Both these are hung with draperies of a delicate hue.

The late Duke of Devonshire was a man of old-fashioned ideas, and to his dying day was never able to comprehend the following incident that happened to him. One day a stranger called at Chatsworth, whose card was engraved "Colonel ——," and who declined to state his business save to the duke in person. The duke had him sent up to his library, and bowed low when his visitor entered. Then he motioned the mysterious visitor to a chair, an invitation which the colonel did not accept. In fact, he stood bolt upright, and silently scrutinized the duke from head to foot. The strange behavior of the man began to grow embarrassing, and the duke was at last compelled to ask him to state his business. To this query the colonel replied by begging to be allowed to shake the duke by the hand, a request that was readily granted. Then he exclaimed: "Thank you, I feel extremely obliged to you. I have traveled some hundreds of miles to see a real live English duke, but I never expected to be allowed the privilege of shaking one by the hand. Thank you so much. If ever you should be in Arkansas, I trust you will allow me to again enjoy your society." Then he took up his hat and departed, leaving a bewildered duke and an awe-stricken household behind him.

New Orleans During Mardi Gras.

OF few sights are more interesting to a Torontonian than that afforded by New Orleans during the gay and festive season of Mardi Gras. The marked contrast in temperature alone proves a source of pleasure. Leaving Toronto in the midst of a blustering storm in February, one awakens the third morning after in a flood of sunshine and light, in the land of roses and fir trees, of vine and olives, of pomegranates and oranges. Nor does the change seem gradual, as it really is. The transition from winter to summer appears as the result of a wave of a fairy's wand. The country through which we pass is full of interest. Down through quaint Kentucky, with its sterile ground and moss-covered trees, on past its picturesque station houses with their invariable crowd of idle loungers, the usual complement of "colo'd folks" and the same ponies with Mexican saddles hitched to the post in the distance. Any one who has read Colonel Carter of Cartersville, or Nelson Page's sketches, or Ople P. Read's popular Kentucky Colonel, will recognize in the motley surroundings of a southern railway station the different characters that these and other writers have drawn so true to life. Still the train speeds on through Tennessee, where the mighty Father of Rivers comes into view with its flat bottomed boats and marshy banks! Perhaps none but those who have viewed these same uncertain banks can fully realize the extent of mischief of which this cruel Father is capable, when in the spring floods these marshy dykes prove slight protection against the mighty torrents that rush upon them, and frequently—as has been the writer's experience—there is the necessity to use a steamer, scow or "dug-out" to take the pi ce of train and cart, to carry mails and provisions to those whose land is entirely under water, and it is no uncommon thing for these boats to pass between house and stable, over fences, and over corn-stalks and cotton plant, which a few months before were the greatest source of wealth to these regions. Nor is there any change in the surroundings till the low, marshy ground gives way to the wide expanse of Lake Ponchartrain, dotted here and there with dainty craft and pretty sail, and shortly after one enters the most interesting city on the continent, whether judged from an artistic, historical or picturesque standpoint.

First, one notices over every house and over every gateway roses of every color and variety, climbing and clustering till each street seems a triumphant arch. From every garden there rises magnolia and catalpa trees, while daffodils and jonquils nod their little heads, welcoming one to this strange new land. By this time one is fairly launched in this city of surprise and prepared for the marvelous that is said to surround Mardi Gras. But no amount of preparation can reconcile one to the weird and uncanny sights that meet the eye on every hand. Whence comes this little demon; this white-winged seraph; this knight, armed cap-a-pie; this clown, like a character from Shakespeare, who doffs his cap to the stately maiden, or the sober senator? With all the haste possible a stand is taken from which to view the grand procession which parades the streets with Rex, the King of the Carnival and his courtiers, mounted on cars or floats, richly adorned and decorated to represent some special character, which it is the King's good pleasure to suggest. One year is represented the Ancient Heroes; another, Elfs of the Sea and Mountain; another, the Roman deities, and so on, each season something fresh and invriting. It is no wonder their monarch is so popular, for his one thought is that his subjects may have unlimited pleasure while he reigns. Therefore as he parades, his rich throne being drawn with eighteen matchless steeds, he dispenses with a right royal hand his princely favors of bon-bons and flowers, to the smiling maiden who stands ready to receive his bounties. After Rex has made this parade he repairs to the ball-room, where the real fun of the day begins, the courtiers all the while keeping on their masks and preserving incognito, which many a belle endeavors in vain to penetrate. Woe betide the masker who reveals his identity. Rex's court martial deals severely with him. The room now presents an appearance impossible to describe. Rex and his Queen seated upon their throne receive the homage of the assembly, and before them it is no unusual sight to find an angel dancing with satan himself, and Apollo having for his partner the stately Cleopatra, and even Diana succumbs to the fascinations of Bacchus. So amid music and laughter this scene is continued till one by one the revelers retire, leaving naught but the shadows, a dainty bit of lace, a lost jewel or perchance a faded flower much prized by a lover, to remind one of the frolic of the night.

After a day's rest begins the delightful task of sight-seeing, and where to go first puzzles one, but the cemeteries, whether by way of contrast from the life before we know not, but certain it is that the cemeteries are first visited on account of their unique character.

New Orleans being situated amid such marshy ground, has but three feet of dry land to stand upon, consequently in digging that depth and coming upon water, the usual method of disposing of the dead is denied the citizens of the Crescent City, so marble and stone sarcophagi or vaults are built, into which the dead are placed. Each society and family have their own particular depository, and not the least interesting of these was the resting-place of Mr. Jefferson Davis, before whose tomb a sentry keeps guard day and night. There, surrounded by countless wreaths and sad memorials, lies the man at whose bidding so many lives were lost.

Another day was spent at Beauvoir, the home of the widow and daughter of Mr. Davis. Too much cannot be said of the beauty of this typical Southern home, surrounded by wide piazzas, over which roses climb as abundantly as our grass grows, with French windows opening to every room. Here the widow and "daughter of the Confederacy" spend much of their time, the former devoting many hours to the publication of The Life of My Beloved Husband.

There is a visit to the French opera in store for the music-lovers, and nowhere but in Europe is the opera so popular as in this half-French, half-English city. The building itself, a copy of the Grand in Paris, with its rows of boxes filled with creole and fair beauties, presents a sight never to be forgotten. Then the champagne in the foyer *entres acts* adds another Parisian likeness to the whole.

The New Orleans people point with pride to their statue of Dominick Jonathan, the hero of the battle of New Orleans, fought during the war of 1812. To them that battle was the all-important one of the campaign, and they smile at your attempt to exalt the significance of Queenston Heights.

A visit to the French market is next in order. To be *comme il faut* one must take breakfast there on Sunday morning—the earlier the better. The conglomeration of Italians, Spaniards, Negroes, fish, fowl and vegetables, strawberries, bananas and pineapples, coffee, rolls and boullion satisfies the stranger that he has indeed seen the renowned French market. In order to complete the picture one has only to cross the street to the old church, where amid the cackle of hens and quack of ducks, the priest mumbling the early mass, or the old negress muttering o'er her beads, while the morning dew struggles to lighten the quaint old building, is presented a picture impossible of reproduction anywhere outside of New Orleans.

C. WELLAND MERRITT.

The Old Abbey.

For Saturday Night.

Green-gleb'd with gardens of beauty,
Sweet-scented with many a flow'r,
It stands in its pride, the old abbey,
Romantic with turret and tow'r.

Like ivy wreaths clinging and climbing,
Afar up its turrets so gray,
My thoughts ever wander repining
The livelong, the wearisome day.

The sunbeams may slant through the lattice,
To light up the gold of her hair,
While brush they, with zephyrs, her ringlets,
But I may not worship her there.

Their ivy-tittering medleys of music
The birds at her casements may sing;
But who the sad strain of love's sorrow
From mine to her bosom will bring?

When sunset's soft crimson comes creeping,
And twilight's calm reveries reign,
She chants, when the bells have ceas'd pealing,
Sweet vespers, so pensive in strain.

'Tis then, as I listen and listen,
Faint, faint as an echo, there comes
The sweet, sad sounds of her singing
Trembling out through the chorus of nuns.

And thus as the dreary days pass me,
And thus, as the slow years slip by,
I haunt the old abbey and listen—
Ah well, let's think God, there's the sky!

Yon mansions of pearl in His heavens,
Far fairer, far brighter than stars,
Have portals whose glorious panels
Boast neither bolts, padlocks, nor bars.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Defunct Dancer.

The dancing man is going out, says a writer in the London *World*. Not of him can it be said that "they buried him darkly at dead of night, with his martial cloak around him," for no distinguished death has closed his colorless career. Yet none the less does the practical extinction of that interesting species, The Dancing Man, proclaim itself more clearly as season succeeds season. Balls which should be smart are only stupid, being crowded by speechless boys, sent out perhaps doubtly by some society caterer to dance with distressed damsels, for whom balls and partners are still regarded as necessities by old-fashioned parents and guardians, who fail to grasp the fact that Terpsichore's triumphs are past—at least in ball-rooms—and that, although man may still walk or talk themselves into matrimony, a good match is scarcely ever waltzed into.

When a man is sufficiently well off to amuse himself, he very quickly learns how to do it, and eschewing the treadmill round trodden by society's slaves, selects only such pleasures as will please him, among which a ball is rarely reckoned. Nor is this to be wondered at. It is true that men are generally gregarious, but a hot and crowded room is by no means the best place imaginable for conversation; and, since "the right sort of men" (as mothers mentally appraise those who are *bons partis*) have no difficulty whatsoever in seeing their friends in far more comfortable fashion, ball-rooms are being rapidly abandoned by them and given over to "the wrong sort of man"—a type which is already over-represented.

The days when the best ball-rooms, properly so called, could show a galaxy of gallants are gone, and even the memory of them will soon be smothered by the dust of forgetfulness, which accumulates so fast that we find it vastly difficult to penetrate it far enough to realize that time was when lovely damsels had but to be seen at a county ball to be at once sought out by somebody of large means and lofty lineage, who, treading a measure, made his first step in a courtship which, speedily followed up, soon reached its climax in matrimony. In those days, too, how often a ball-room meeting led to Gretna Green! But these things are buried in oblivion, and recollections and reminiscences of the defunct dancer of our own day are being rapidly heaped above them. For we, too, have had our dancers.

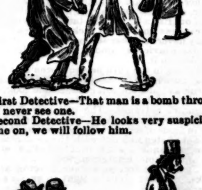
The sturdy country squires, who waltzed and polk'd, danced square with dowagers, and wound up with Sir Roger de Coverley at every ball in their county, did not perhaps often admit themselves among the dancers of the dance in crowded London rooms. But a few seasons ago there were plenty of smart young men who did so admit themselves. Many of these thoroughly enjoyed their waltzes and polkas, with a square or two to "sit out," and the society which provided them. Mrs. Mellitte-Mellitte said that no girl really cares for dancing for dancing's sake who has passed her first season; but I think in this he was wrong, and I am confident that many young ladies could be found who have left that first probation (supposed to be pleasant, and often found so disappointing) behind them, and who yet revel in a good waltz with a good partner, deterred by no speculations as to his poverty or prospects.

Indeed, I have known a well-born damsel at a country ball, when unmonitored with by relatives as to the "undesirables" she had been dancing with, reply, as if no further extenuation could be required, "But I did not talk to them: so what did it matter? And they danced very well." Now, however, society has become so overgrown and so ungovernable that it is difficult indeed to take one's pleasures soberly, and a just horror of crowds deters many men who still retain some pleasure in the diversions of the dance from appearing in ball-rooms; thus the latter have their floors filled by foolish youths, whose only aim in life is to be smart, and who think to work their way thereto by dancing with distinguished dancers, who, unsought by those in their own sphere, are constrained to accept the attentions of these beardless boys.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, and there yet remain hostesses whose balls can show *creme de la creme* of both sexes. But, generally speaking, modern men are lazy, and, having studied the art of enjoyment without fatigue, they discard dancing as fatigue without enjoyment, agreeing with the gentleman in *Punch* who declined to waltz, but declared that he should be most happy to sit on a sofa (secluded, let us hope), with his arm round a lady's waist!

To be overdone appears to be the lot of every sport and pastime, and as society stretches and grows, gathering fresh families and faces into its once aristocratic arms, the manner in which divers dancers jostle each other makes their ultimate failure certain. The wear and tear of rushing from one ball to another, only to find that you have missed your favorite partners at each, is too much for male flesh and blood; and although women still struggle through the daily round, making a pensnce of pleasures, men simply say it is "not good enough," and only go where they are sure of meeting people they care to see and therefore have a fair chance of enjoying themselves. Who shall say that they are not right? And although we may make moan over his extinction, we are forced to admit that, even could he be resuscitated, there is small place in the society of to-day for the exquisite energy of the defunct dancer.

Almost as Bad.



First Detective—That man is a bomb thrower or I never see one.

Second Detective—He looks very suspicious. Come on, we will follow him.

First Detective—Look out! He is getting something out of his satchel and it looks like a——

Supposed Bomb Thrower—Allow me, gentlemen, to present you with a sample of Wingate's corn cure and pimple eradicator.

Not to be Bluffed.

Little Frances had two apples. One was a very large one, and the other was decidedly small.

One of them she was to give to her papa, and the other was to be for herself.

As Frances is but four years old, her mamma tries to inculcate in her young mind the Golden Rule, and to induce Frances to guide her actions by its teaching.

In this case Frances manifested an intention to give her papa the smaller apple, when her mamma said to her:

"Now, Frances, you know the Golden Rule, don't you?"

"Yes, 'm," replied the tot; "do to uvvers what you'd have uvvers do to you."

"Just so," said mamma. "Now, if papa had those two apples, which would you like him to give to you?"

"Dis," replied Frances promptly, holding out at arm's length the small apple, and keeping the other snuggled up to her bosom.

SECOND HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

THE LUCKY PEARL.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE IRON LADDER.

The next day Wilbur Jocelyn found work as a sort of general helper in a machine shop. He cleaned rough castings, sometimes swung a sledge at the forge, cut screw-threads with die and tap, and occasionally was put to tending a drill-press, the action of which was almost automatic. The work was, as he had been forewarned, rough and hard, and the pay was small, but his strong muscles never seemed to weary, and he was happy. Second only to experience and observation he was constantly learning. He had only been in the shop a little more than a fortnight, when one forenoon, while he was tending the drill-press, the proprietor and foreman chanced to stand near him while continuing a discussion upon some parts of a new machine in process of construction.

"That is the weak point of the machine," affirmed the proprietor, "for if they wear untrue it will not work, and the best steel you can put in will do so in a short time."

"I can temper it as hard as glass," suggested the foreman.

"And make it as brittle. That will not do. It would not stand the pressure and shock. It should be tough as machine steel inside and as hard as flint on the surface."

The foreman shook his head as if admitting that requirement, but hopeless of meeting it; and the two men stood silent.

"Will you excuse me, sir," interjected Wilbur, addressing the proprietor, "if I offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I believe I understand what you want, and think you can attain the end sought for without in those parts by making them of good steel and then case-hardening them with prussiate of potash."

They stared at him a moment in blank surprise.

"Do you know how to do that?" asked the foreman.

"Not by personal experience, but the details of the process, which are simple, are given in a book I have at home."

"Let your book send bring it here, right off," ordered his employer; and he ran away for it at once.

The experiment, which was entrusted to him, proved in the highest degree successful, and not only relieved his employer of a serious dilemma, but created for him a better line of employment and gave him a new standing in the regard of all his shopmates. Fortunately, the foreman, instead of being a mean sort, jealous fellow, capable of hating a man for knowing more than himself, was generous, friendly, and seeing unusual ability in the young man did his best to push him forward in learning the mechanist's art. In a short time Wilbur found himself entrusted with a lathe for plain turning, and ere long became as skilful in its use as any of the old hands were. Even that difficult bit of adjustment, the accurate centering of an irregular form in the "chuck," seemed to come natural to him. His brain was always clear, his nerves steady, his muscles firm, and his attention concentrated upon his work; so mechanics that baffled others seemed to do easily and well. Indeed, some of the old machinists could hardly be persuaded that he had not already learned the trade somewhere else and for some inconceivable reason was trying to conceal the fact.

As soon as he was settled at work the young machinist left Mr. Broomes's house, and obtained, in a respectable mechanic's boarding-house not far from the shop, a room where he might have quiet and a good light for study a night.

The boarding house was kept by Mrs. Avery, a widow, who had one daughter Samantha, a tall, gaunt, shy girl, still "in her teens," but looking older. Poor Samantha was not at all pretty, and her intelligence was not at all bright. Hard work and care had made her dull. Her freckled face was almost wooden in its lack of expression, her pale blue eyes always looked sad and her dark brown hair was neglected. Whenever she took her sun-bonnet off her hair would come tumbling down in disorder, or at least one tangled lock would stray itself out like a frayed and tattered plume from the careless knot at the back of her head. Mrs. Avery never took her sun-bonnet off. It was a general conviction among her boarders that she slept in it.

"Where in the truth her you been at, all this time, Samantha?" asked the widow, in a querulous tone, one forenoon, as she looked up from her work over the kitchen table, at her daughter's entrance. The girl moved in her customarily listless way—seeming to drop her feet in front of her and draw herself up to them instead of stepping out with them—into the room, and sank upon a backless chair at the end of the table, before replying.

"Up at Mr. Jocelyn's room, looking at his books. Massy! What a sight on 'em he's got! More'n five!

"Sho! What sort o' books?"

"How'd I know? Pictures!

"That's so. Any pictures in 'em?"

"Some. There's an engine in one, just as nev'ral as life. I knew'd it as soon as I set eye on it. And there's steamboats. But most of the pictures ain't real pictures, but just wheels 'n things, 'n some is nothin' but just lines, up 'n down 'n criss-cross all sorts o' ways. I s'pose he took the chap that drawed 'em had a notion 'n give up afore he finished."

"Shouldn't think they'd interest him much."

"They do. He sets up a studyin' over 'em, with his head in his hands 'n his elbows on the table every night long after everybody has done gone to bed."

"How d' you know, Samantha?"

"I've climb up on the woodshed 'n looked at him through the winder."

Mrs. Avery eyed her daughter sharply a little bit, and remarked, in a somewhat sympathetic tone:

"I reckon you're kind o' soft on that young feller, Samantha."

The girl did not flush nor giggle nor perk up and deny. She simply shook her head a little with a doleful slowness, and replied:

"He ain't a lookin' at no gal like I be. He'll want one with edukation."

"Edication don't make people good," sniffed the older woman.

"Maybe not; but sometimes I think it may make 'em happier 'n help 'em along some."

A few weeks of work enabled Wilbur Jocelyn to pay a very considerable installment on his debt to Colonel Strouders, which he promptly did, sending with the money a characteristic letter. He wrote:

"Dear Sir: I inklos part of the munni for hwich u so jenerusli aloud me to bekum ur detur. I wood send mor but hav a good chans to by cheap a lot hwich mi wif inkrus in vallu so the town gros fast in the direcshun ov it. I thot u wood not objec to my using part to pa the lat instalmenti. I hav stedi work so far pa in a shop and shal do betr soon. Thar is not a da or our I do not think gratfull ov hwat a start this Jionie help gav me to start in life and as I hav lots ov tym to studi at nyt I am making progres. I shal by a book about kemistri next Saterda and tak that for I see it wil help me. Yes giv my best respects to Mis Eunice and so no mor at prezent from ur gratful and hartl welwisher, Wilbur Jocelyn. Flex exkus spelling if and words at not ov it. I hav not yet had tym to studi that, but I no Mis Eunice nam is ryt. I kood not forget that."

It was not really so hard to make out after one got the trick of its instinctive phonetics, for the writing, though very clumsy and irregular, was quite plain; but the colonel soon gave it up as a bad job.

"Do what you can toward deciphering it, Eunice," he said to her. "Life is too short for me to waste what is left of mine upon puzzler. But I'm very glad to hear from the chap and know he is going rightly, as I'm sure he is. And answer his letter for me. Acknowledge the receipt of the money, and tell him I hardly ever write—which is true—and say what encouraging things you can."

So she did, and said them so nicely that the colonel very heartily approved of her letter, and even went so far as to say it was much better than he could have done himself, which is a very great admission for a man to make under any circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAPPED BY FATE.

Some five months after Wilbur Jocelyn had been fully recognized by his employer as an able mechanist and was in receipt of full wages as such, a "champion of down-trodden labor," one George Horgan, made his advent in Birmingham. Beyond the primary fact that George came there, the secondary that he was looking for a job, and the tertiary that he put up at Brosnan's, his coming was not at all like that of our young friend. George was a good patron of the bar, not only while his money lasted, but afterward, as long as his eloquence on labor questions could procure for him thirsty and convivial auditors, and did not seek employment at manual labor until hard necessity compelled him. The work he wanted was that of a "walking delegate," to ferret out "scabs" who ventured to labor without belonging to the "union," and wanted to support him. They informed him very plainly that his services were not required, and told him to either go to work, as better men had to, or "skip the town." Then, reluctantly, but thinking to earn enough to carry him elsewhere, to some town where a "walking delegate" would be in demand, George went to work as a machinist in the shop where Jocelyn was employed. But work was exceedingly distasteful to him, except as a theme, for he was slow, awkward, careless and ever eager to drop his tools while he talked about "the rights of labor" to whosoever would listen to him. The foreman was the scarcity of men he could not have kept his place a week, even at the reduced wages he received, which were considerably below those paid to skilful mechanics generally. That "invidious discrimination" against him he loudly denounced as a "crying injustice," and would have had the "union" of which he was an unworthy member—make it the excuse for a strike, if he could. But they turned a deaf ear to his talk about "the wages of all should be the same," and bluntly told him he was getting already more than his worth. That was hard to bear, even with Brosnan's fluid consolation at hand, but was not the worst.

Never, he felt, had the iron entered his soul until he learned that Wilbur Jocelyn, "a mere boy, who had never served his time," was getting much higher wages than himself. Moreover, it was whispered about that the men that Wilbur had invented something, of which his employer thought so highly that he had backed its patenting, at home and abroad, and would probably go into business to manufacture, in which case the young inventor stood fair to become a rich man. George already hated Jocelyn, whose sound reason and caustic wit had repeatedly overthrown him in argument during the noon hour—the only time when he could be drawn into a discussion; but these discoveries embittered tenfold the feeling of the would-be "walking delegate." He did his best to have a strike ordered against Jocelyn's employment, on the ground that the young machinist had never served an apprenticeship, but failed. The "union" scoffed at the idea. Wilbur was not one of their members, they admitted, but they were willing to receive him, and did not doubt his willingness to join, if asked—which he promptly did, when the offer had, and so that matter was settled. George professed entire satisfaction, protested that "the good of the order" was all he sought, and rhetorically welcomed Wilbur as "a brother," but was at heart more malevolent than before. He would have picked a quarrel and done him bodily harm, if he had dared, but Wilbur Jocelyn did not seem to be an inviting person for the hostile attentions of one who knew himself a coward at heart. It was the greatest injury possible to the young man with perfect safety to himself was the persistent subject of Horgan's cogitations, and his evil genius finally led him to believe he had discovered a way.

Samantha Avery, late one night, descended from the wood-shed roof, where she had been for some time watching the patient student over his books in the upstairs room, and stood out together in the moonlight below. In her usually dejected attitude, meditating, probably, on the great gulfs "edukation" opened between human lives. She was near the shed door, at an angle, and some distance from what had been her point of observation. Suddenly her reflections were disturbed by the sound of stealthy footsteps on the path and of some one fumbling for the latch upon it.

Snatching up a stone her foot chanced to touch, she glided noiselessly into the shed to watch for the prowler, who, she readily divined, was there with no good intent, whoever he might be. In the obscurity prevailing she could only make out the form of a man who opened the gate and glided into the yard with hardly a sound. Evidently he had recognized his ground well, and knew how to go directly about what he had in hand. With scarcely more noise than a shade might make he approached his object, and, leaning from the roof of the shed a light ladder customarily kept there, carried it across the yard, and upreared it against the wood-shed, just beneath the sill of Wilbur Jocelyn's open window. All his movements were made with the skilful stealth of the practiced thief. Until she beheld the use made of the ladder, Samantha suspected she had only some petty-larceny person to deal with, but now she intuitively recognized in the invader as a far more dangerous type of criminal. No matter; she had courage sufficient for any probable emergency, certainly enough to meet any danger that came to threaten Wilbur Jocelyn. She stepped out of the shed as the man's steps moved away from it, gripping in her right hand the stone she had picked up—no mean weapon for one who had learned to bring down fleeing chickens with such missiles. Not until the man had reached the ladder so high that the light from the open window fell upon him, could she discern him clearly. Then she saw a man raise himself and lift his right arm to a level with the boulder, with something in his right hand that he seemed about to throw.

At that instant Samantha, with all her might, hurled her heavy bit of flint against the man, and fate made her aim good. The missile struck the thing in his upraised hand with a sounding smashing glass, and then landed on his head, knocking him from the ladder to the ground, where he lay howling in agony.

Jocelyn came clambering down from his room to learn the cause of the disturbance, and in a few moments a score of half-dressed persons were gathered about the screaming wretch, who was at once identified as Colonel Strouders. The thing smashed in his hand was an open glass jar containing a quantity of vitriol that he had been about to throw upon the head of the young man poring over his book. Samantha's stone, however, had scattered some of the corrosive fluid over his face, neck and hands, completely destroying the sight of at least one of his eyes, disfiguring him for life and inflicting the most horrible tortures. Her simple statement, amply corroborated by the evidence he himself presented, was conclusive proof of Horgan's guilt, and, but for Jocelyn's earnest opposition, the indignant crowd would have at once finished him off with a rope. Reluctantly they allowed him to be carried away to a hospital, whence, as soon as he was able to do so, he fled to parts unknown, fearing a State prison as the penalty of his crime.

Samantha found herself a heroine, and, conscious of the public eye upon her, actually did up her hair tidily, and seemed to take a more lively interest in existence than she had ever before manifested. Wilbur gave her a handsome gold watch, as a testimonial of his gratitude for her timely service, and by popular subscription she was presented with a splendid silver-plated and duly inscribed water pitcher. She was ever after the crowning glory of the little boarding house parlor.

"I sh'd think he might take a shine to you arter them dols," remarked Mrs. Avery to her daughter, one morning, in the kitchen.

"Laws! No, mam. Him and we-uns don't change our nature by an accident. But even if I knew'd he'd forgot it, I'm thought I'd saved him from harm would always make me happier."

"You don't think you c'd learn to read 'n write, 'n sort o' catch up, maybe?"

"No, mam. It's too la'e."

"I believe you'd rather that cuss had a flung that stuff onto you than onto him."

"Yes, indeed, mam; a heap rather," answered the girl quickly, with unusual animation in her face. "It don't seem 's I could bear to stand off 'n heave a rock; but if I could 'a been between 'em 'n saved him by takin' it all myself, that would 'a been somethin'. He'd never forget that. That's all I'd ask, or even expect."

CHAPTER VII.

HOME AGAIN.

When there were no longer business reasons for them, letters continued coming from Wilbur Jocelyn to the Strouders, with much regularity. Perhaps the fact that the colonel habitually delegated to his daughter the duty of replying had some effect in maintaining the continuity of the correspondence. In all the pages exchanged between these young persons, there was not one word of love, or even sentiment, beyond his expressions of gratitude, which were by no means fervent, and her responsive encouragement and congratulation upon his career. But, somehow, each read, between the lines, and understood how the other lived and thought. Singleness of heart, cleanness of life, bright honesty, tireless energy and purposeful will were so intuitively apparent to him in her letters; just as goodness, truth, freedom from other attachment and earnest interest in his welfare were apparent to her in his letters. The colonel used to read all their letters—with increasing pleasure as the young man's spelling grew more conventional and his writing plainer, but did not penetrate deeply into the occult significance they enfolded. He simply noted with satisfaction that Wilbur had succeeded well by investing the first little sum in that piece of ground, which, in the rapid growth of the place, quickly quadrupled its value; that with the proceeds of the sale of it he had bought an interest in a successful manufacturing enterprise; that a new invention of his had turned out profitably, and so on. And as for Eunice's letters, the old man marveled at her finding so much to write.

In the month of October, after a little more than two years of absence, Wilbur Jocelyn returned "home," as he habitually designated Colonel Strouders.' It was difficult for the old man to recognize in the tall, stalwart, fine-looking man who presented himself, the tow-headed youth he had rescued from slavery.

"Bless my soul, sir!" he exclaimed. "I really would not have known you if we had met accidentally! It hardly seems possible! Why, you are not simply older and bigger—the same inner organization, I must say, has been very surprising—but you are altogether changed. It is really a compliment to our highest legislative body when I affirm, as I do, that you look like a Senator."

Less effusive but not less cordial was Miss Eunice's greeting. In Wilbur's eyes she looked precisely as on the day he had taken her—the same tender sweetness still in her charming countenance; her physical charms not abated by time, but rather heightened, the placidity of her life and the purity of her soul preserving her youth and loveliness. And what glamour shone in her innocent eyes at his coming! Surely never was warmer welcome accorded home coming man than he received, and, as the consciousness of it thrilled him, there flashed upon his remembrance the scene of his advent here.

"I'd take you out riding and show you something of our country, if I were sure that the colonel to his guest the next morning;" but fine as the day looks, I don't care about exposing you to the malaria of Bluff St. Mary's county, not a bit, sir, whatever people may say; but I think I got a little touch of it during a recent visit to Baltimore. So I believe I will entrust you to Eunice, if you care to go abroad."

So it came about that the young folks started out together, in the brilliant glory of a perfect October day, for a drive.

"I would take you to St. Inigoes," she said, "and show you where the first settlers of Maryland landed and planted the cross—on what is now Dr. John W. Broome's estate—and their old church, built of brick brought from England, but it is too far for a long drive there and back in one day. So we will only go to-day to Backbone Hill, which is the highest point of land in the county. From it you can have a splendid view from there over a lovely country; not so fine as a prospect I mean to show you to-morrow, but the weather is fair, but one, I believe, you will always remember with pleasure."

Anywhere under her direction would suit him; and any view, with her, would please him. He said so, and meant it.

It was a delightful drive. The horse canvered along steadily and not too fast; the air was free from dust, the air bracing, yet warm enough to be pleasant; and the sunshine flooded hill and vale, forest and meadow with go'den radiance. Sometimes the road ran through the woods, and there the ground was carpeted with brilliant hues, autumn's dyeing of the summer garniture of oak, gum, maple, poplar and hickory trees. Then the way wound through the sombre shadows of dark plantations of pine. Birds twitted from bushes along the fence rows; quails called out of the stubble fields, and from far off floated the detonations of some distant sportsman's gun. Evening was darkening into night when they returned home. Yet in all that long ride, though they had been talking incessantly, he had not been able to tell her why he had come all the way from Alabama resolved to utter at his first opportunity. Even the brawny man was inclined to hesitate with his life in his hand, when all he holds dear is staked on the hazard of the cast.

The next morning Eunice and Mr. Jocelyn went out riding together, this time ostensibly to look upon the magnificent view obtainable where the Wicomico River empties into the Potomac. Upon an eminence commanding the beautiful prospect they halted to enjoy it, and for a little time they sat in silence. The bosom of the Potomac at the mouth of the Wicomico is fully ten miles from shore to shore, and as they looked down upon it a small sailboat, far out in its glassy surface, seemed to emphasize the distance of the further shore. From this broad mirror were reflected back the chaste splendors of the autumn sky, with its its depths, as in the firmament above, fleecy clouds of incomparable whiteness bordered with gold, floating in the illimitable azure. Nearer, in the shadow of its banks, the Wicomico assumed an emerald hue, up to a broad mirror, catching the full effulgence of the great light in the heavens, it blazed dazzlingly.

Wilbur drew out of his pocket a large wallet, from which he extracted a bit of paper, and handed to his companion silently.

"What is this?" she asked curiously.

It seemed to be an exceedingly crude attempt at a pen-drawing of a feminine face.

"Here is a more recognizable one," he responded, taking from the wallet a photograph and placing it before her.

"My picture! How did you get it?" she exclaimed.

"I sent a man on here, a year ago, with a camera, to steal it, and he succeeded. But although it is more like you, it always valued the other more. I drew that one myself, when you were teaching me. As in handling pen and pencil, you remember, I seemed to have little more control of my fingers than if they had belonged to another man, I hardly succeeded, as you see, in making what would, to any other eyes than mine, seem more than an awkward boy's clumsy endeavor at the outlines of a human face. But as I gazed upon it, you looked out of the scrawl; the tender light of your eyes beamed upon me, your soft, brown hair, in every well remembered curl and wavelet, framed your broad, white brow; your little red mouth opened as if to speak words of kindness and encouragement to me; and I was so happy, gazing into the sweet face, that I cried. Never since I made it has it been out of my possession one waking hour. Every night it has been the last thing upon which my eyes closed, bringing me happy dreams of you, and every morning the first object of which my awakening senses were conscious, never failing to inspire me with new strength to endeavor and new courage to hope."

"You—you, never gave me a hint of this," she stammered.

"No. I cannot hint anything. I must wait until my time comes and then speak out, as I do now in telling you, Eunice, I have loved you, adored you from the first moment my eyes rested upon you, when you seemed an angel so high above me that I could only hope to worship you from afar. Perhaps I might never have had the courage to tell you of my love but for the words your father spoke to me when I came going away. I thought I was aspiring too high or daring too much. Eunice, the highest aspiration I entertain is to you, my utmost daring, to ask you—'Will you be my wife?'"

"Yes," she said, very softly, with her face bent low near his shoulder. "I have hoped for a long time that you would ask me."

Impulsively he seized her in his big, strong arms, and hugged and kissed her with enthusiastic fervor.

In the evening, when Eunice had, by intent, left her lover alone with her father, the young man said abruptly to his host:

"Colonel Strouders, I wish to marry your daughter."

"The d-d deuce you do!" ejaculated the old man, starting and staring as if in doubt whether it were possible he could have heard aright. "Did I understand you correctly—that you wish to marry my daughter?"

"That was clearly what I said, sir."

"Bless my soul and body, sir! I can hardly believe I am not dreaming! Did anybody ever hear of such presumption? Do I understand that you have not permitted yourself to speak to her on the subject?"

"I have; and she has consented to become my wife."

"Your wife! I trust, sir, that if you are a professing Christian—and I hope you are—you may never be so tempted to profanity as I feel myself at this moment. I do not wish to be offensive to you beneath my own roof, sir, but I shall never permit her so far to forget her ancestry and position in society as to marry you. The best blood of Maryland and Virginia—the Strouders and Carrolls—is in her veins, and I shall not allow it to be contaminated by an alliance with an oyster-dredger's boy, who does not even know his own parentage. Your idea, sir, is preposterous—preposterous!"

"You are wrong in assuming that I do not know my parentage. Since I have, thanks to you and your daughter, become capable of thinking and acting for myself, I have traced my family history, and my blood, Colonel Strouders, is as good as yours. And I am no longer 'the oyster-dredger's boy,' but a man who has conquered an enviable position in the world and attained a financial standing as good as your own, I believe. Through my adherence to the advice you gave me—'Never fear aspiring too high or daring too much'—I have become what I am, and present myself to you to-day, asking the hand of your daughter."

The old man sat silent a long time pondering. Obstinately memory thrust before him the tow-headed lad he had championed in the fight at Barham's store, and it kept recurring to him as an astounding thing that that boy should have the temerity to think of marrying his daughter. But then, as he looked across the fire at the gentlemanly face, the old recollection faded gradually, and the realization grew upon him that this was the boy's father.

Jocelyn; no longer the wretched orphan boy, but a man, a strong one, too, likely to make his own way. He stretched out his hand at length, and said, smilingly, as the young man grasped it:

"I remember saying, when we first met, that there was good blood in you, my boy, and I think my intuition was right. Somehow, I always liked you. Call Eunice."

THE END.

A Good Square Valentine.

Travers (in restaurant)—Miss Palisade says she did not receive any valentine from you this year. What is the trouble?

Stuffer—You see this dinner?

Travers—Yes, of course.

Stiffer (complacently)—This is the valentine I was going to send to Miss Palisade.

READ the directions on the wrapper

You will find out then how to do away with the muss—the steam—that hard work of wash day; how to do away with boiling or scalding, or hard rubbing of the clothes.

Surprise Soap does it, and the directions tell you how.

'Tis very simple.

Thousands wash this way.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

A Bicycle
A Gun
A Rifle
A Revolver
Exercising Machines

Possibly you do not want anything of the kind. It is not for us to suggest, but when you do, bear in mind

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The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL

Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

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Certificates of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
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To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.66 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
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MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

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IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Crinkleback's Cance.

(Written for Saturday Night by Peggy Webling)

The river deep and still,
The maple-mantled hill,
The little yellow beach on which we lie,
The puffs of heated breeze,
All sweetly whisper these
Are days that only come in a Canadian July.

—E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

I shall never forget Crinkleback's cance! It was one of the most wonderful and unexpected phenomena of the nineteenth century! We had expected something wonderful from Crinkleback; it is rather strange for me—a girl—to call my Cousin Crinkleback simply "Crinkleback," but I do it because all the outside world does it; in the home circle he is known as "Fred," and he answers to "Crink," or any name you say in a particularly hearty voice! He is a fine, energetic, never-to-be-put-down, I'll-hit-the-right-nail-on-the-head mechanical genius, with plenty of pluck, the sunniest temper that ever directed a practical head and cunning fingers, and an indefatigable worker. I believe Crinkleback has attempted everything that can be attempted. In his boyhood he added to his income by carpentering about the house. I have seen the bills myself that he presented to his own mother, with such items as these set forth:

For putting in glass window I broke Saturday.....10c.
For making door shut what wouldn't.....25c.

and so on; all the bills being signed "F. Crinkleback per F. C." And as years advanced he spent all his odd time in endeavoring to perfect numberless inventions; but somehow Crinkleback was always unlucky. I recollect the patent appliance for heating his father's office with a wonderful steam boiler. He slaved at it day and night; his admiring family gave pecuniary assistance; he did it up himself; he started it triumphantly; he left his father at ten o'clock one morning in a delightful sort of Turkish bath, and at four that afternoon the devoted old gentleman was rescued with difficulty from imminent suffocation, and parts of Crinkleback's burst boiler could be found in all quarters of the city! But do you think that daunted him! No indeed; that same evening he commenced to make plans for a child's tricycle to be run (like the heating apparatus) by steam—and he successfully finished the tricycle, too; and it nearly cost his little brother to the great majority also, but he was very proud of it for all that!

But these two capital inventions were mere trifles compared to the succeeding one—his masterpiece! It was fearfully and wonderfully made; "it was really awfully clever," everybody said, and our Canadian friend, strange, unpolished, generous Harry "Canuck" expressed his approval in the highest slang in his vocabulary! How well I remember his words, although it is two—nearly three—years ago since I heard them, when five of us, the best comrades in the world, were discussing canoeing on the banks of a Canadian river, on a glorious afternoon in the beginning of July, the sky an unclouded blue, and the mellow notes of many birds mingling with the rustling of maples and murmur of the birch trees in the water's edge, where our canoes were drawn up on the sandy little beach and we five reclined on the bank amongst the grasses and ferns, our shady hats drawn over our eyes and the little whispering breezes just stirring the wild flowers about our heads. Canuck, as the world, we hear a good deal about Canadian winters, but little of Canadian summers; much of the frost and snow, little of the heat and brilliance; much of the jolliest of sleigh bells and dangerous delights of tobogganing, little of the long summer days and the joys of canoeing; such days as when we five—Crinkleback and I, Mohawk, Harry "Canuck," and Emanuel the Cambridge man—passed happy hours before Fred invented his own canoe and I was contented to paddle along in the good old way. You see, we might never have a summer all together again. I was only on a visit to Canada for a year, Emanuel was on a Harry Canuck, after a few weeks' holiday, had to rush back to business in the States. Mohawk, our Indian girl—what would I have to do to see you again!—with the winds tossing back your dark hair, and your own Canadian scenery reflected in your blue-gray eyes! And Cousin Fred, a bank clerk, could not at any minute to be ordered off to the other side of the continent perhaps.

This was in the mind of Emanuel (so called because he was an undergraduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge), when he said these words on the particular afternoon I mentioned, to Fred: "You must hurry up, Crinkleback; the summer is getting on, and I rather think you have set yourself a heavy task."

"Let me see," said Mohawk, lying at full length like a true Indian after the hunt and feast—we had just had tea—"it is the 3rd July, and it will take you a month anyway to make your canoe."

"More!" put in Harry Canuck, finishing the marmalade with a fork and a pocket-knife. "Never mind what Mohawk says, you don't work faster than you can. Just my luck, confound you (this last to the pocketknife, which has slipped into the marmalade bottle).

"Yes, I can," said Crinkleback. "I have heaps of time you know, and as I think of it my plan develops itself. The central idea is this:

"Crink has the floor," muttered Harry. "Order! Order!"

"In this," continued Crinkleback: "I shall have a strong paddle of red cedar, about seven to eight feet in length. Yes, my dear Mohawk, I know how; it will be attached by a light wooden wheel, say about half a foot in diameter. Over this wheel will be drawn a cord, also attached to the top of the paddle. This cord passes from the stern to the bow, where it is connected with a small steam boiler."

"Also useful for cookin'," said Harry Canuck in parenthesis.

"Let me see," said Crinkleback, "where was I?"

"Sitting on the boiler, old man," said Emanuel.

"Yes, the boiler. Well, this boiler, by means of a steam appliance of my own invention, will work the paddle, guided by a small handle held by the man in the bow, who can smoke, read or do anything he pleases, the whole concept is once so simple and so practicable. Do you all follow me?"

I think our feelings were well expressed by a howl of derision from Filp, Crinkleback's small white terrier.

"It strikes me the animal has hit public opinion, Crinkleback. I don't see it could not be done—it's scarcely possible. Great Scott! it's so new fangled, you know!" said Emanuel, protesting against anything new and staunch Briton, in the true true sense, is not an accent, much less a twang) it is a tone that all English University men possess.

"You can but try, Fred. I don't like the notion of a steam paddle myself on our little river, but still I won't go back on the White Man's invention," said Mohawk gradually.

"Do try, Fred," I exclaimed. "It must be all right on smooth water, and as for the rapids—well, you can always wade, you know!"

"Oh! It's a grand scheme!" cried Mohawk. "You can carry all the kit when we go camping and all the baskets, but what about portaging—couldn't your cute little boiler do that too?"

Here Filp interrupted by barking at Harry Canuck.

"Don't throw birch bark at him, Harry, please," I protested. "Pretty fellow! poor dog!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Harry, "Crink's dog pretty! That's a trifle tough, my dear little girl. You take care to keep your dog away from your canoe, old boy, or he'll stop the boiler."

"Look!" said Crinkleback, rapidly making sketches in his note-book. "Here's a design for the paddle—see? Here we have the small fire, boiler, and reserve coal supply——"

"Looks like a soup tureen, doesn't it!" said Emanuel. "Won't it draw too much water and be heavy?"

"I think not," replied Crinkleback. "Just consider the rate at which we shall be able to travel!"

"The City of Paris won't be in it," said Harry; "it's a great scheme, if the rotten old machine doesn't blow up!"

"No fear of that," said Crinkleback, the evening sun light and the enthusiasm together making his honest tanned face quite handsome. "No fear of that. You have your steam apparatus perfectly under control, you hold the handle, the paddle moves at the desired rate, you steer by means of another cord (only necessary now and then) that shifts the wheel above the paddle, you cleave the waters evenly and forcibly; wishing to stop, you simply reverse your cord, turn off your steam and dart ashore! Imagine the ease, the comfort, the saving of labor; it's grand to contemplate. I shall sell the patent for America and the Old Country; by Jove, I shall, and leave the bank!"

We all cheered and clapped our hands; then we packed our baskets while the boys were preparing the canoes for our homeward trip. Mohawk and I stood on the bank looking out over the river to the quietly stirring maples, and I felt almost the glowing warmth of the sky. Then we were ready, and we paddled away in the stillness, while the gay voices of the others came back faintly to Emanuel and me as we glided slowly through the water listening to the myriad insects, watching the sparkle of fire-flies on the bank, and talking of something we hoped to accomplish in life—nothing more than Crinkleback's canoe. Oh, happy Canadian days! I float back to them once again. I see in the widening circles of the dropping water a glory spread around me and I see in Emanuel's eyes, as we drift along, a look that is more than words—quietly, joyously as we drift along towards the brightness of the evening sun!

. . . . . .

"Where is Crinkleback! That's the question. Where is Crinkleback?"

It was Mohawk who spoke, deeper blue was in the water and the sky, and we four were all together in the boathouse again for an afternoon tea. Harry, Fred and I had "whaling," pretty Mohawk packing our lunch baskets with great care and the Cambridge man and I on the look out for my mechanical genius of a cousin.

"He must have been made manager of the bank, and gone to Europe," said Emanuel.

"Is that so?" said Harry. "I guess he's failed to accomplish his wonderful canoe."

"Oh, no!" broke in Mohawk's musical vo'ce, "Crinkleback and Filp are coming now—only look!" Yes, along came Crinkleback driving, accompanied by a friend to take the buggy back, with Filp rushing like a mad dog behind, and very little of his master to be seen behind an enormous paddle, yards of cord on his knees, the boiler and "the small supply of coal" between his feet.

"Here I am!" shouted Crinkleback. "How are you all? Everything finished—it's a grand success—see the paddle working over a chair last night—it's under perfect control—wonderful! Here, Emanuel, take the boiler—mind the dog! Give us a hand, Harry, there's a good fellow!" then Crinkleback and all his apparatus tumbled out of the buggy at once. He refused any help, saying everything was so simple he could manage quite well by himself. While Filp capered about, we launched our canoes and paddled a little way out to give Crinkleback plenty of room to start. First he got his boat in the water, then Filp was lifted and placed it by the scruff of his neck, then Crinkleback got himself tangled up in the cords, then he got Filp by the tight hide again, then Harry and executed a sort of war dance round the boat house.

"Poor fellow!" Mohawk cried.

"Idiot!" Harry exclaimed.

"Oh! I'm tired of waiting," said Emanuel. "I propose that we go on, while you two wait for Fred."

"No," said Harry. "I guess we'll all go on. Say! Crink, we're going on old man, good-bye. We've contented to paddle along in the good old way. You see, we might never have a summer all together again. I was only on a visit to Canada for a year, Emanuel was on a Harry Canuck, after a few weeks' holiday, had to rush back to business in the States. Mohawk, our Indian girl—what would I have to do to see you again!—with the winds tossing back your dark hair, and your own Canadian scenery reflected in your blue-gray eyes! And Cousin Fred, a bank clerk, could not at any minute to be ordered off to the other side of the continent perhaps.

"Look! Look!" said Crinkleback, rapidly making sketches in his note-book. "Here's a design for the paddle—see? Here we have the small fire, boiler, and reserve coal supply——"

"Looks like a soup tureen, doesn't it!" said Emanuel. "Won't it draw too much water and be heavy?"

"I think not," replied Crinkleback. "Just consider the rate at which we shall be able to travel!"

"The City of Paris won't be in it," said Harry; "it's a great scheme, if the rotten old machine doesn't blow up!"

"No fear of that," said Crinkleback, the evening sun light and the enthusiasm together making his honest tanned face quite handsome. "No fear of that. You have your steam apparatus perfectly under control, you hold the handle, the paddle moves at the desired rate, you steer by means of another cord (only necessary now and then) that shifts the wheel above the paddle, you cleave the waters evenly and forcibly; wishing to stop, you simply reverse your cord, turn off your steam and dart ashore! Imagine the ease, the comfort, the saving of labor; it's grand to contemplate. I shall sell the patent for America and the Old Country; by Jove, I shall, and leave the bank!"

We all cheered and clapped our hands; then we packed our baskets while the boys were preparing the canoes for our homeward trip. Mohawk and I stood on the bank looking out over the river to the quietly stirring maples, and I felt almost the glowing warmth of the sky. Then we were ready, and we paddled away in the stillness, while the gay voices of the others came back faintly to Emanuel and me as we glided slowly through the water listening to the myriad insects, watching the sparkle of fire-flies on the bank, and talking of something we hoped to accomplish in life—nothing more than Crinkleback's canoe. Oh, happy Canadian days! I float back to them once again. I see in the widening circles of the dropping water a glory spread around me and I see in Emanuel's eyes, as we drift along, a look that is more than words—quietly, joyously as we drift along towards the brightness of the evening sun!

Music.

THE church choirs seem to have been working an ante-Lenten activity these days, judging by the number of choir concerts given lately. Prominent among these was the excellent service offered by the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Vogt has taken great pains with his choir, and has now the satisfaction of finding himself surrounded by one of the best choruses in the city. He makes a specialty of unaccompanied singing, and has been very successful with it. The soloists at this service were Miss Morell, Messrs. Lye, Fletcher and Davies.

On Tuesday evening, the choir of the Church of the Redeemer marked the last day before Lent by holding its thirtieth Service of Song, which was largely attended. The choir was in good shape, though a little weak in tenors, and sang excellently. The soloists, Mrs. A. Huycke Garratt, Miss Jardine-Thomson and Miss Gaylord were most acceptable in their efforts, and Messrs. G. Dinelli and J. W. F. Harrison rendered able assistance at the organ. On Thursday evening of this week an excellent programme of sacred music was rendered at the Carlton street Methodist church.

The lull in musical matters which began some ten days before Lent, seems to show signs of continuance for some little time, although one or two events are raising their heads and looming up in the future. Mme. Albani and Vladimir de Pachmann are announced by Messrs. Suckling to give a concert on Monday, April 11, while the Philharmonic Society will probably give its concerts about the end of April. Next week the Canadian Order of Foresters gives its annual concert with a good array of talent.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough will give the sixth of his organ recitals this afternoon at All Saints' Church, assisted by Miss Ella Patterson and Mr. Percy W. Mitchell.

Poor Cellier was called off just as he had about completed a work that would have, I think, brought him more fame than did Dorothy. He had an opportunity for great things in his collaboration with W. S. Gilbert in The Mountebanks, and has made some fine hits in that work. Messrs. Suckling have sent me two songs from the opera, one of which, Whispering Breezes, is a little gem; the other, High Jerry Ho, is a rollicking bandits' song in good style. What may be called a topical duett, Put a Penny in the Slot, should be a success everywhere.

METRONOME.

When Lights Are Low.

THAT "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" has been proved over and over again, and we suppose will be till the crack of doom. The near grasp of a fortune, the lasting love of a maid, or the acquisition of a wife: in these, and a hundred others, comes the slip that loses all. The following incident, a chapter from everyday life, not only exemplifies the truth of the above-quoted proverb, but inculcates another which is as old as the prophets—namely, "Woo boldly, if you woo at all." We will refer to the prophet (Agur, by name) later on.

. . . . . .

A lady, a well known hostess in London society, inaugurated a custom, copied from the United States, of giving theater parties. Naturally they were small and select, and therefore much sought after. One particular evening, cards had been sent out for a theater party at one of the Strand theaters, and two boxes had been secured.

The hostess, her daughter, a charming girl with a demure face, a rosebud mouth, and eyes of the blue-eyed wondering kind, occupied the box nearest the stage. With them were a host of attendant cavaliers, and last—by no means least—moreover, seated next to the pretty daughter, was a certain gentleman, well known on the Stock Exchange. Seeing that the pretty girl and the Stock Exchange individual were engaged to be married, his seat next to her was his by right. This engagement, however, having but lately happened, was not generally known, and the good-looking Johnnies who clustered behind the ladies may not have known of it. Directly behind Miss Rosebud sat the youngest and handsomest of them all.

Now, at this particular theater occurred a scene, during which enactment some transposition of the scenery, incidental upon a bogieman making an effective appearance, was deemed necessary. The lights were turned down gradually, lower and lower, until at last the crowded theater was plunged, for the space of ten or twelve seconds, into the blackness of an Egyptian night. No sooner had this blessed darkness been brought about, than Stock Exchange thought to himself, "Now is the accepted time to reach over and telegraph a tender message to my sweetheart." Quick as thought, or rather as he thought, he laid his hand in the dainty maid's lap, expecting that hers would be there to meet it with a tender clasp.

It is impossible in cold printer's ink to convey at once a touch of burning anger and a sensation of frozen horror. However, his manly palm descended over another manly hand, a large and vigorous one, already grasping hers. And then the darkness gave place to the first breath of dawn—electric dawn—and the lights flashed once more upon the theater crowded with smiling humanity, who settled their skirts and flirted their fans, while the stiff-shirted, immaculately collared and white-tied men peered—well, "peered" is not the word—ranged round and swept the place and the little corners with their opera-glasses. Men often do this after a dark scene. It is just a nervous way they have. To revert to the stage-box and the incident we know, the brilliant light revealed to the casual observer a young lady in close and earnest conversation with her mamma.

Alas! poor mothers! The trials that they have to undergo, when not even the most ingenious and wire-safeguard precautions can shield their ducklings from the "little foxes that nibble at the vines," as one of the humorous old prophets puts it—not Jeremiah, of course—however, he said the same thing another way. Agur we refer to later.

The young lady's conversation with her mamma proved to be quite a lengthy one, and when, at last, her fair young face was turned toward her lover of the Stock Exchange persuasion, the sweet serenity that rested upon it and shone in her beautiful eyes was lovely to contemplate. No society belle of four seasons could have looked so serenely and tenderly unconscious of the baffled anger on Stock Exchange's brow: not the slightest tinge of nervousness was to be observed in the measured beat of her feathered fan.

And so the play ended, the curtain came down on the lively legs and playful sallies of the last act, and the theater party went home to Kensington and supper.

What took place when Stock Exchange at last found himself alone with his *fiancee* must for ever remain a matter of conjecture, but the engagement was off.

Such things have occurred before.

The moral of the incident is this: A woman adores an audacious love-maker. It is a homage to her charms for one thing, and it masters her for another, and thereby holds her spell-bound. The city man may have been remarkably clever and cool and courageous on the Stock Exchange, but he did not come up to that graceless Johnnie in his knowledge of a woman's heart.

What Agur, the son of Jakeh, said in a chapter of Proverbs was this:

"There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

It would appear from this that Agur knew something, though it is more than probable, having had a wider experience, that Solomon could have given him points.

Of the Same Opinion Still.

O'Rourke—It's a long toime since Oi've seen yez, Moike. It's all av tin years. An' do yez remimber th' widow O'Connor an' th' beautiful scrimmige we had th' noight yez called me a liar?

McFluke—Shure Oi do thot same, an' divel a bit hov yez changed durin' thot toime.

An Advantage.

Employer—You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire!

Truthful Clerk (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant discharge)—Y-e-e-s, sir; but, please, sir—

Employer—Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls, if you do.

Anything to Oblige.

Hostess—Are you fond of Kipling?

Mr. Galmes (of Chicago)—Never played it; but I'd just as soon take a hand as not—I s'pose I could pick it up easy enough!

Very Dry.

"The life of a prohibitionist," said Mawson, "is more arid than the desert of Sahara. There isn't an oasis in the whole blooming thing."

The Music of Nature.

The bass of thunder is considerably lower than the lowest sound produced in an orchestra,—below the zero of music, we may call it, at which all positive apprehension of musical sound ceases and our senses are merely conscious of a roar. In observing the music of thunder, our attention, however, may be most profitably directed to the expression rather than to the notes. The musical diminuendo is more perfectly represented by thunder than by any other form of sound in nature. After the first clap is over, the ear will pursue with pleasure the rolling away and gradual fainting of the peal, until its impassable distance it sinks into silence.

The melody of rain dancing on the stones, or pelting down in its first drops on the dry soil of a forest or a heath, is a species of sound which the art of music has yet to imitate, if it would complete its at present very incomplete list of instruments. The Mexicans had some rattles made of very peculiar clay, with pips inside, which were intended to represent this sound. Certain tribes of the North American Indians have been similarly fascinated by the loud plash of water, to the beauty of which we have alluded before. They have instruments constructed accordingly with a few to reproduce this sound. Large buffalo hides are filled with water and sewn up in the manner of wine-bags. Drumsticks of cork, or with their heads covered by a very fine gum, are wielded by the player, and the gentle and monotonous plash of water is produced by the drumstick striking softly on the skin. The natives will sit and listen to these instruments for hours.

Certain tribes on the Amazon have in a similar way been fascinated by the music of the water-fall. Musical instruments were found in use among them consisting of a complicated mechanism by which water was poured from one bowl into another, in imitation of the cascade, and then returned by the receiving-bowl into the vessel which had poured it: so that by a repetition of this mechanism a constant murmur of a cascade could be kept up so long as the audience desired or the player was able to perform it.—*Good Words.*

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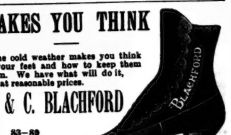

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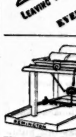

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Richard Cassels, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Charles Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. James O'Brien and Mrs. J. K. McDonald.

•

The last week of merry-making before Lent is always a busy one, and the week just past has proved no exception. On Thursday afternoon a number of teas were given. Mrs. Stanley Clark gave a charming one, which attracted a number of fashionable people, among whom I noticed the Misses Morgan, the Misses Arthurs, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Pyke and many others. Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a like function at her residence, Avenue road, on the same afternoon. A number of her lady friends accepted her delightful hospitality. Mrs. Ross Robertson also invited her friends to afternoon tea, and quite a number responded to her invitation. I had scarcely time to more than look in, but I found a lovely breathing place in the cool, dimly lit and fragrant dining-room, where a shaded lamp shone over clumps of hyacinths, ferns and all sorts of pretty things in the floral way. Refreshments were served in the library upstairs, where a large number of friends exchanged ideas and waited on each other. Mrs. Robertson's exquisite tea gown of Japanese embroidery on pale blue silk and cream *crepe de chine* was much admired by many a *connoisseure* in beautiful things.

•

Mrs. Merritt gave a theater party last week to see the play of Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman.

•

Mrs. Columbus Greene gave a small tea at her residence, St. George street, last Tuesday.

•

Mrs. Fairclough gave a very pleasant tea on Monday last.

•

Mrs. Wickham also received her friends at a tea on Thursday last.

•

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are proving themselves most charming hosts since they have removed to No. 3 Grange avenue.

•

The Misses Howland of St. George street gave a delightful tea recently.

•

At Mrs. Aylesworth's tea I admired little Miss Barwick in her pretty white silk frock.

•

Baron and Baroness Von Turckheim passed through Toronto on their way east last week. After a month's honeymoon they will sail for England, where they will reside for the future. Both the Baron and Baroness are *connus* in Toronto society.

•

Mrs. Irving Walker and family sailed last Wednesday from New York to Liverpool per one of the fine Inman line steamers. They will be away about six months, and intend making an extensive tour through Great Britain and Ireland.

•

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the season was the occasion of the social gathering of the members of the Harmony Club, who participated in the recent performance of the Baggar Student, at a dance at the club rooms on Wednesday evening, February 24. The large hall was tastefully decorated with flags, etc., whilst the adjoining room was beautifully furnished as a reception room. Webb supplied refreshments during the evening. An orchestra discoursed perfect music, many of the selections being from the Baggar Student. The dancing of the Mazurka from the opera was the feature of the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. A. G. Foy, Mrs. George Dunstan. Committee—Messrs. Harry Hay, J. H. Coburn, George Kerr, J. F. Edgar and W. M. Fahey, Secretary. The

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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Social and Personal.

(*Continued from Page Eleven.*)

guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Beddoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paterson, the Misses Lash, M. Lash, Lowndes, Bostwick, Maule, L. B. Maule, Walker, Newbigging, Heward, T. Heward, Lea, Horetzki, Canniff, Pilsworth, Cassels, E. Cassels, Mason, R. Mason, B. Palmer, L. Harper, Matthews, McGillivray, L. Gaylord, Beach, Powell, S. Seymour, Kleiser, Nicholson, Messrs. W. H. Nelles, H. Hay, T. Chisholm, Rudge, Reid, H. Holcroft, W. H. Cawthra, W. M. Fahey, H. Minty, Bickford, Ritchie, McLean, Mathieson, J. L. Buchan, Gray, Sweeny, Hulme, Canniff, H. Jones, G. Ridout, H. S. Chayter, D. S. Cassels, J. F. Edgar, Cherry, Geo. Kerr, G. Wilson, J. Saunders, C. Muir, Nelles, H. Lea, Stovel, P. Hodgins, E. C. Rutherford, M. Jones, W. F. F. Rochester of New York.

Among the pretty gowns at the Bachelors' Ball I noticed Miss Todd in green and pink; Miss Seymour, white *chiffon*; Miss M. Seymour, in blue; Miss Walker, yellow *crepe*; Miss Ethel Rich of St. Thomas, cream bengaline, velvet brocade petticoat; Miss Parsons of Grange avenue, black lace and jet over pale blue; Miss M. Parsons, pink; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, corn color silk and net; Mrs. Fred Macqueen, pale green silk; Miss Strange, cream satin and crimson roses; Miss Tena Hughes, cream satin and net; Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, yellow bengaline and embroidered *chiffon*; Mis. Percy Green, light green silk, pearl beads; Miss Todd, lilac; Miss McCrae, yellow bengaline; Miss Francis, gray and pink.

A beautiful audience crowded the opera house at each of Keene's performances last week. It was a treat both on and off the stage, to be in the Grand on those occasions. Every seat was taken this week for the Thursday *debut* of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and a brilliant house was the result. Toronto audiences are improving every season in their appearance, though they can't be praised for punctuality.

Miss Emma MacKenzie gave a dance at 434 Jarvis street on Tuesday last.

When I went to the Railroad Conductors' Ball last week I hesitated at the entrance, doubting whether if I got in I should ever get out. The jolly knights of the punch and lantern must certainly make up their minds to the Pavilion for next year, for their friends are far too many for Webb's. Never did a more light-hearted and light-footed crowd assemble under any roof, and the effect of the brilliant toilettes, so closely packed together, was exactly like a kaleidoscope as I watched them from the stair. Conductors are proverbially endowed with more than the usual amount of *savoir faire*, their business throws them constantly into the *role* of *cavalier des dames*, which may have accounted for their specially gallant bearing, but they utterly lacked the *blase* indifference which is the hall-mark of the "easiety" young man of to-day. They talked, they laughed, they danced, they were happy, and the Conductors' ball was a pleasant sight to see.

M. Coutellier gives a most amusing lecture next Tuesday evening, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The Foresters' Annual Concert.

The Foresters' sixth annual concert on March 10th, promises to be an enjoyable event, a very capable array of talent having been secured, comprising Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Warrington and Mr. James Fax, with Mr. H. M. Blight as accompanist. Numbered checks will be issued on Monday next at Nordheimer's at 7 a.m.

The Ontario College of Oratory.

An institution of much interest to intellectual Torontonians is the Ontario College of Oratory, which is situated in Yonge street Arcade, corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets. The winter session is now on, and the summer session which lasts from July 5 to August 15, is held at Grimsby Park. Under the direction of Secretary Mounteer, recreation is combined with the culture of man's highest faculty. An interesting series of weekly lectures is among the College's attractions.

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THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For a 1 the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is violated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. Few there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads became apparent that the sufferer realises peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood foe seems to be untouched by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

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Births.

TREMAYNE—Feb. 26, Mrs. Frank Tremayne—a son.
RATHBUN—Feb. 24, Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun—a son.
LANG—Feb. 24, Mrs. Alex. Lang—a son.
BOULTER—Feb. 22, Mrs. John Boulter—a daughter.
COLE—Feb. 24, Mrs. Thomas Cole—a daughter.
ACHESON—Feb. 26, Mrs. George Acheson—a daughter. (stillborn.)
BAKER—Feb. 24, Mrs. George Baker—a son.
HUGHES—Feb. 28, Mrs. J. A. Hughes—a son.
MASON—Feb. 28, Mrs. James Mason—a son.
WEBB—Feb. 26—Mrs. William Webb—a daughter.

Marriages.

MacINTYRE—STEVENSON—At "Sunset," Guelph, the residence of Dr. Foster (brother-in-law of the bride), by Rev. J. C. Smith, B.D., pastor of St. Andrew's church, assisted by Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B. A. (brother of the bride), Thomas J. MacIntyre of Toronto, to Carrie A., daughter of W. Stevenson of "Maplebank," ex-Mayor of the city.
BLACKBURN—EAST—Feb. 24, at Holy Trinity church, by Rev. John Pearson (uncle), Alfred Blackburn to Lillie East, both of Toronto. No cards.
PROWSE—BROADLEY—Feb. 24, Horace E. Prowse to Annie Broadley.
DAVIS—MYERS—Feb. 24, Joseph W. Davis to Emma Myers.
HILL—HANNAH—Feb. 24, Archibald Hill to Nonie Hannah.
BLACKBURN—EAST—Feb. 24, Alfred Blackburn to Lillie East.
MULLIN—MULLIN—Feb. 17, James Mullin to Agnes Mullin.
DUNDAS—SELBY—Feb. 24, Arthur Dundas to Alberta Selby.
ANDROS—HEWETT—Feb. 22, Ralph Andros to Frances Hewett.
JOHNSTONE—MURPHY—On March 1, William Johnstone to Mary Murphy, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

WILLIAMS—Feb. 26, Melinda Williams, aged 69.
CRAIG—Feb 26, D. R. Craig, aged 55.
DREWRY—Feb. 23, John E. Drewry, aged 58.
HUNTER—Feb. 24, Jean Hunter, aged 64.
NICOL—Feb. 23, Maria Nicol.
CASSELS—Feb. 26, Walter C. Cassels.
HAMMER—Feb. 24, Ida B. Hammer, aged 12.
WASS—Feb. 22, Wm. Wass, aged 74.
MacKENZIE—Feb. 23, James MacKenzie, aged 85.
ATKINSON—Feb. 23, Susan E. Atkinson, aged 4.
BEGGS—Feb. 21, Catharine Beggs, aged 82.
GREIG—Feb. 26, Henry C. Greig, aged 58
JOHNSON—Feb. 23, Martha Johnson.
LAUGHTON—Feb. 27, Annie Laughton.
McDONALD—Feb. 26, Wilhelmina McDonald.
NIXON—Feb. 27, Amy M. Nixon, aged 26.
ROSS—Feb. 25, Anna Ross.
CUMMINGS—Feb. —, Margaret Louise Cummings.
ELLIS—Feb. 23, Alfred Ellis, aged 4.
GRAY—Feb. 22, G. H. Gray, aged 85
McCONNELL—Feb. 14, Hughenna McConnell, aged 52.
McCALLUM—Feb. 14, John McCallum, aged 84.
McCALLUM—Feb. 16, Mary McCallum, aged 83.
CAMPBELL—Feb. 20, Margaret Campbell, aged 61.
CLIFFORD—Feb. 12, Eliizza Clifford, aged 54.
SNIDER—Feb. 24, Fred Snider, aged 22.
PHIPPS—Feb. 25, George Phipps, aged 69.
RUSSELL—Feb 20, W. F. Russell, aged 6.
McQUAT—Feb. 19, Eliza McQuat.
CROMBIE—Feb. 25, Margaret Crombie, aged 56.
KING—Feb. 24, Bridget King.
CALDECOTT—Feb. 24, Elizabeth Caldecott, aged 81.
JOHNSTON—Feb. 26, A. M. Johnston, aged 56.

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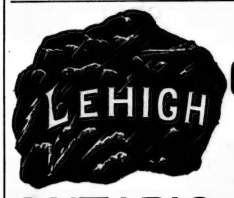

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